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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 134. WEEK ENDING MAY 27TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

DINNER TABLE TALK.

A DEPLORABLE RESULT OF MODERN JOURNALISM.

[*Scene*: Dining-room at Mr. Snaggsby Fitz-Brown's "residence" at Stucco Park. Mr. Snaggsby Fitz-Brown, Mrs. Snaggsby Fitz-Brown, and two daughters discovered welcoming crowd of guests to dinner. Each of the guests, not to mention the hosts, has in his or her lap a copy of the "Daily Squirrel," opened at the "Suggested Table Topics" column, which every one of them scans anxiously when nobody else is looking. They all sit down and toy with some soup.]

MISS FITZ-BROWN (to her neighbour, with feigned spontaneity): Now don't you think these fights at Fez are *terrible*, Mr. Bulger?

MR. BULGER (simultaneously): Dreadful affairs these, at Fez, eh, Miss Fitz-Brown?

[They look at one another, the lady blushes, the gentleman gasps, and then each lapses into moody silence.]

MR. SNAGGSBY FITZ-BROWN (booming, from the head of the table): Seems to me the crisis at Fez is coming to a *head*, what? Ha! ha!

MRS. FITZ-BROWN (viciously, from the other end): Why, Snaggsby, that is just the remark I had just made to Mr. Ponsford.

[Mr. Fitz-Brown colours, laughs nervously, mutters something about "two minds with but a single thought," and proceeds with his dinner in silence.]

MRS. NEWCOMBE AND MR. SIBABS (simultaneously): Don't you think the prices now being charged for Coronation seats are ——

[They both stop suddenly, and devote special attention to the breaking of their dinner rolls.]

MRS. JONES AND MR. WHITE (simultaneously): It's strange, isn't it, how sweet peas and standard bread have leapt into—oh, bother!

[And another couple becomes silent and imbued with uncharitable thoughts.]

The youngest MISS FITZ-BROWN (vivaciously): Why, how glum we all are! Why don't we talk?

ALL: The ridiculous extremes of dress which culminated in the harem-skirt are another instance of the necessity for more sensible fashions.

[Silence, while all look at one another.]

MR. SNAGGSBY FITZ-BROWN (boldly): *Why* are we all saying the same thing? Now, everybody *confess!*

ALL: We've all been studying the "Daily Squirrel."

MR. FITZ-BROWN: Throw your copies out of that window!

[A shower of "Daily Squirrels" flutters through the window. Dinner is resumed, and a lively talk becomes general.]

E. W. OLIVER.

CHEEK.

The author of a new book is called May Wynne. I hope she will.

* * *

The "Outfitter" says that the British collar is holding its own everywhere. So I suppose even the foreigners have got it in the neck, too.

* * *

Bertie Bonnyboy was quite interested in an article on "This Year's Bowlers"—until he realised that it was only about cricketers, and had nothing to do with hats at all.

* * *

"Sparks of Science" is the title of a contribution to a weekly paper. They are not at all gay sparks, unfortunately.

* * *

Have you noticed that in the case of most "plays with a purpose" that purpose is to send the audience to sleep?

* * *

Buffalo Bill is said to be anxious to get into the United States Senate. Why not? All sorts of Bills are introduced into it every year.

* * *

"Journalists can't get decent meals on Sundays," says a London paper. Why drag in Sundays?

* * *

KINDNESS WITH AN OBJECT.

[A Bill is shortly to be promoted to protect poultry from suffering.—*Extract from the Press.*]

It's plain to ev'ry babe and suckling,
Life must be gladdened for the duckling.
And ev'ry living joy must quicken
The pulses of the tender chicken.
Surroundings must be calm and pleasant
For Birdland's Majesty, the pheasant.
And nothing that is drab or murky
Should spoil the outlook of the turkey.
With ev'ry kindness we must treat them;
Then they'll be plumper when we eat them.

* * *

A Berlin man who had been convicted of murder and sentenced to a life imprisonment, said he wanted to be hanged. A good many of this year's Academy aspirants had the same desire—and who knows they were not more deserving?

* * *

A writer says that a woman needs a lot of training to make a pudding. So does a man to eat it, generally.

* * *

A scribe named Hugh B. Chapman says that "proverbs have been termed 'the hobnailed truths of the people.'" Why, then, are they so often bootless?

"SIMPLE SIMON."

CRICKET BATS.

HOW TO CHOOSE AND LOOK AFTER THEM.

The average cricketer is apt to use a bat that is too heavy rather than too light, just as the average billiard player handicaps himself with a heavy cue, which tires his fingers and arms, and, so far from enabling him to make the ball travel faster, has just the opposite effect.

If 2lb. 2oz. is a good average weight for a bat, the actual avoirdupois is not of great importance. Balance is everything. Of two bats of equal weight, one will often feel much heavier than the other, simply because it is ill-balanced.

The bulk of the wood should come from five to ten inches from the bottom of the bat.

Colour is not of much importance, but the orange or tawny-coloured bat as a rule lasts longer, and will take more punishment than one of pale or almost white hue.

Similarly the broad-grained bat is likely to prove more durable, and is more easily patched than one of close grain. When buying a bat insist on a guarantee that it has been seasoned naturally.

Many bats are now dried and seasoned by steam, but they are seldom satisfactory, being very liable to crack or split in twain.

The handle should be moderately elastic, and while you should be able to swing the bat easily, it should not be so light as to let you forget that you are holding it.

Don't start match play with a new bat. I mean don't go in with a bat that has yet to hit a ball. Break your new bat in at the nets, or by getting someone to bowl to you, preferably with an old ball.

Even the best of bats will chip, crack, or show other signs of wear and tear with use, and the question is how best should these minor injuries be treated.

"Pegging" is rarely satisfactory, for in the end it destroys the bat, the pegs being driven out sooner or later. String is commonly used when a bat needs binding, but is open to the objection that it often alters the balance of the bat. Adhesive plaster, to be obtained from any cricket outfitter, is better, as it is lighter.

When, however, the grain has risen, and the surface of the bat has become flaky, the best plan is to slip a fine knife under this raised surface, and run in some thin but strong glue, cramping the whole back again.

Most players oil their bats too much, thus making them soft. After use the bat may be rubbed with a very little raw linseed oil, care being taken to avoid the splice.

When the bat is not in use, an occasional rubbing—say once a week with an oily rag—is all that it needs, and when not actually in your hand the bat should always be kept in its case.

G. CLARKE.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE HAUNTED PITCH

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

There are many less pleasant things, when Twilight is commencing to drop the outer fringe of her mantle over the countryside, than a walk in the company of naught save a meditative pipe. . . . My way, on the evening of which I write, was cast in a delectable land, for I strolled down fair, broad, wood-fringed roads, and the pungent odour of the pine trees came up with the first moisture of the dew. Above me, a sky, shading off from a wondrous purple sunset to the lightest of watery yellow tints, was showing in the ultimate darkening blue of the zenith the pale advance guard of the jewelled hosts of heaven.

The road dropped suddenly at a steep gradient into a hollow, and toiling merrily up the steep hill came a medley of cricket-players, some carrying treasured bats, others amusing themselves by throwing catches one to the other across the road. I was privileged with a nodding acquaintance with some of these excellent young men. It seemed, from what I knew of them, a thing to be wondered at that they should leave off until the deepening dusk made a cricket-ball an object seen only when it caught a man's bat or bruised his ankle.

"Left off early!" I commented a little reproachfully. "Thought I should be down in time to have a smack."

"You see——" began a young man in whom I recognised the vice-captain.

I saw someone pluck his arm.

"It will sound too idiotic," he said, softly, to the vice-captain. "He'd never believe it."

The stillness of the calm evening, however, had made his whisper the more incisive.

The vice-captain gave a reassuring look to his interrupter.

"You see, old Storey, the ground-keeper, is always anxious to chuck us out, so that he can lock up," he explained.

I nodded. It is not good for a stranger within the gates to be too inquisitive. But a hundred and fifty years ago I was a young man myself. It was no effort for me to remember that the cricketers were not born who would pay the slightest degree of attention to the wishes of a groundsman, while they could continue to strive for the ecstasy of cutting into the net what, in play, would be a "sixer" to leg.

Wherefore, I walked along till the casual conversation of that cannelled coterie dulled from a drone into nothingness as I swung down the hill. To the left, at the foot of it, is the pine-wood-fringed recreation ground, with its pleasant pavilions, its well-rolled pitch, and the perfect lawn-velvet of the cricket field framed by the luxuriant grasses in the deep field, where by day is cooling shade.

A big, rambling ground, it has also its tennis courts, a bowling green, and a croquet lawn. Yet I looked in vain for one amorous couple of tennis players, for one philosophical thrower of the wood, for one fragile croquet player. All were gone. Barely twilight—and not a single sporting enthusiast to be seen! I was also beginning to believe that this Storey was indeed a despot, when, turning off by a side-lane that runs by the side of the old and now disused cricket pitch, I heard a sound that diverted my thoughts.

With the peculiar musical "tunk" of a played-forward ball caught well on a good bat and sent to the boundary came evidence that someone was still playing, despite the objections of the ground-keeper. I stopped dead still and listened. I felt that a smack at a ball would do me good. I would adopt what had evidently been the tactics of those playing now. I would scramble through the hedge.

The unmistakable sound of a collared "yorker" turned off to the slips assured me that my ears had not deceived me. I made for what looked like a possible weakness in the hedge—and came upon a young man peering through the branches that he had parted with his hands.

"Did *you* hear that?" he asked tensely.

"Yes," I said, laughing. "But hang this wretched

Storey. I shouldn't bother myself about him. If your friends have got through the hedge—well, they're not keeping him here. Besides, they're playing on the old pitch, aren't they? So what does it matter to the old foozler?"

The young man—he was the captain of the team, I knew, for he had tapped me for a subscription some days before—gripped my coat-sleeve.

"But look!" he said, hoarsely, "there's no one there!"

He made way for me to get a view through the hedging.

As I parted the branches there came the flick of a fast ball tipped into long slip. But, rake the dusk as I might, there was no sign of a batsman, a bowler, fielders, nor wickets on the old pitch.

"This has been going on for a month," said the captain in explanation, "ever since poor Guy Derrick's accident. . . . You've heard nothing of that? You can understand that we don't care to talk about it casually, can't you? . . . Why, man, he was killed—hit smack on the temple—on the old pitch one night at dusk—you could hardly see the ball, you know. . . . There it is again."

He broke off. This time it was a snick to leg.

"Just Derrick's touch," the captain groaned. "Man, I'm glad you're here!"

I felt his hand burning hot through my sleeve.

"I was bowling, you know." I could see the arteries in his throat throbbing now. "I was bowling and this old pitch was always treacherous. We'd had a few dry days. It dried, as it always does, in parts. It was a fast, full-pitched ball. It just hopped up on a dry bit. Caught him clean on the temple. Laid him flat. Never spoke again, man. Not one word!"

I led him to a mossy bank across the red-gravelled road.

He was breathing catchily in gasps like a boy sobbing after he has been whipped.

"You don't catch a man staying here when twilight begins to come on," he went on, jerkily. "They clear off from the nets as soon as they hear—soon as they hear Guy Derrick begin his innings. He had four smacks, you know. One was a clean forward drive." The captain laughed weakly. "Sent me to the boundary, you know. Then I tried him with a yorker. He turned that into the slips The third one he just flicked so that it went to long slip. The fourth he snicked to leg. Then—gad, the fifth ball!——"

As he spoke I caught the sound of a ball bouncing smartly on a hard piece of ground. Happily, my friend's head was buried in his hands, or I should have had an utterly terror-stricken man to deal with, and that is perhaps the most piteous thing in the world.

"Come, man," I said as sternly as I might. "It's some idiot playing the fool. I'm walking back to the town. You'd better come with me."

He got up and fell into a nervous step beside me. I must confess that I was as anxious as he to put the place well behind me.

"Ah," he said, "a month ago I'd have laughed in the face of any man who would have thought of saying that I should ever believe in super-natural things. But Derrick prophesied this himself, you know. . . . Fine chap, Derrick. Been a bit of a goer in his time. Knocked all round. And so's old Storey. But Derrick had money. Lots. Funny thing—shows you how small the world is—he was once acting in a company in Australia in which Storey was limelight and general scenic-effect man. That made 'em rather familiar, and they were very often reminiscent. Other times they were cursing at one another.

"Storey had been over a coolie gang in India, I think, in his time. Man sort of made to have his own way. Hell of a temper. Glad I'm not one of the under-groundsmen here. He leads 'em a life, I can tell you. But Derrick could be as foul-mouthed as he. My opinion is that they each knew something very much to the other's discredit. Sometimes I caught bits. . . And Derrick would turn and curse him whenever he wanted to interfere with our game.

"He cursed him that night when we went over to the old pitch for Derrick to have his innings. You see, I'm captain, but this ground being a corporation affair it doesn't matter tuppence-ha'penny to Storey what I say. He's got his knife into me, because I used to stay after the half-past six closing-time, or else go and break through the fence and finish our game on the old pitch. That night he finished up with Derrick saying: 'Well, one of these times you'll be getting killed, and that'll be the finish of you—except so far as the devil is concerned.

"'That's all right,' says Derrick, 'and if I do, I'll come back and haunt the place till I scare you out of your wicked wits, and hell fires won't be for yet another stoker.' . . . You see, his very words, man. I haven't played since. Touch of a ball makes me shiver."

We were about to turn into the main road that runs by the cricket field, when an inspector of police, pedalling swiftly from the by-lane, swerved round the corner, and, jamming on his brake, pulled up sharply. He jumped off his bicycle, and without any ceremony addressed himself to the captain.

"You know Storey?" he asked. "Storey, the groundsman?"

"Yes."

"Well, look here. There's no time for long explanations. One of you young fellows must hop on this bike and ride off for a doctor at once. I've been investigating that haunted cricket pitch case—the four hits just as it's beginnin' to get dark. Found to-night it was Storey under cover of some brambles in the hedge. He'd got some things you make off-noises on the stage with—things you can modulate from a whip-crack to a cab arriving.

"I heard the four strokes as usual. Then there was somethin' *new*—sound like a ball pitching smart on to a hard piece of ground. Gave me the creeps, I can tell you. Next minute, Storey had come out of cover. Mist was rising off the ground then. I saw him wade into it and flounder about like a drunkard. . . . All of a sudden—he goes—smack! I ran to pick him up. He was never a beauty alive, but—Gawd! . . . face!"

FILLING IN A WORD.

In the course of conversation it frequently happens that the man who is speaking to you hesitates a moment for a word.

The temptation to supply the missing word is great, but it is not one that should be indulged. In fact, it is considered a mark of ill-breeding to "help a person out" with his remarks.

Although the word may be perfectly obvious and one that you know that your friend has in his mind, but cannot for the moment get his tongue round, you should restrain the impulse to say it for him.

It is much more complimentary to let him suppose that his remark is not an obvious one, and that the lost word does not occur to you any more than it does to him.

NOISES.

MADDENING AND OTHERWISE.

At the moment of writing, Mr. J. B. Fagan, the well-known playwright, is seeking an injunction to restrain the Palladium Theatre, near which he lives, from creating a nuisance by noises in the early hours of the morning.

Obviously I must not comment on the merits of his claim, but there is no harm in mentioning that Mr. Fagan complains chiefly of the continual banging of a door, and there is, perhaps, no more maddening noise than this.

A banging door gets on the nerves, I think, quicker than anything else.

I once spent three days on a steamer off the "Banks" of Newfoundland with the foghorn going night and day, and we got so accustomed to it that when it stopped it was some time before we realised the fact, and for several hours we felt quite "lost" and uncomfortable without that hideous blare which at first had been so irritating.

A neighbour has a mongrel which barks for hours at a time, but I have grown used to it.

The "music" of my youngest born does not harass me, even when trying to grind out copy.

Sometimes, however, when the wind is in a certain quarter, the door of the "pram" shed, which the servants *will* leave open, bangs to and fro. Five minutes of this is enough to reduce me to a state bordering between homicidal mania and gibbering idiocy.

Most of us know, too, the profound exasperation of a loose window sash on a windy night. At present, thanks to spring cleaning, there is an epidemic of carpet-beating in my neighbourhood, and if wishes were deeds carpet-beating would soon be classed among the ultra-dangerous trades.

The dog that bays the moon deserves, of course, to be shot, but personally I rather enjoy the sound of a cat-fight.

By the way, if you are a married man, be careful not to confuse the plaint of the baby with the serenades of Thomas, or vice versa, or you will get yourself badly disliked.

I remember when my first-born arrived I thought it was the cats and went outside to shoo them away, and I still hear about it from time to time.

Among eerie noises there is none perhaps more uncanny than the hooting of the screech owl.

The mournful wailing of the curlew is, of course, historic, but I have never heard it. It must be pretty bad if it is worse than the long-drawn-out towhoo, towhoo of the screech owl, heard on a sleepless night.

Many people intensely dislike the sound of a steamer's siren. To me it is supremely fascinating, as it comes sobbing over the fog-shrouded waves. It is best enjoyed from the bar parlour of an inn perched high up on the cliffs, such as the "Captain Digby," hard by the South Foreland Lighthouse.

The whistling of a railway engine on a frosty night is on the whole agreeable, but if you have ever slept near Covent Garden, then you know the very inferno of noise that riots on a market morning.

Trifling noises are often much harder to bear than big ones. You can easily become accustomed to the whirr and clang of an engine-room or to the unceasing din of the shipbuilding yard, but the rustling of a paper while you yourself are reading, or the drumming of idle fingers on a table will fill you with all manner of uncharitableness.

Finally, there are the noises of the motor-car, but as my views on these are quite unprintable, perhaps I had better stop.

E. CASTLE.

AN ARTICLE FOR TERRITORIALS.

One of the best lessons that a Territorial camp teaches a man is to look after himself. He may come from a home where he is accustomed to being waited on, and where he does not come into contact with the trivialities of life, but in camp it is every man for himself, and devil take the hindmost.

The recruit learns a lot of things in his first year at camp. Unless he has been sensible enough to pump an old soldier, and get from him all the tips he could beforehand, he will find that his companions will be provided with numerous little aids to comfort which he never thought of bringing, and which they will resolutely refuse to lend.

"Neither a lender nor a borrower be" is an excellent maxim outside camp, but there, while you should never lend, if you can avoid it, it is often advisable to borrow as much as you can. Things lent at camp have a way of not returning to their owner, or, if they do return, it will be in a damaged or soiled condition when the borrower has no further use for them.

"BORROWING."

The same is the case not only with personal property but with articles from the ordnance stores, such as tent mallets, head-collars, heel-ropes, buckets and so on. The squadron which contains the best borrowers has the greatest chance of getting through without a big bill for deficiencies.

But let us turn to some of the things a man should take with him besides his actual uniform and equipment. As regards clothes the following will probably be useful:—Two flannel shirts, flannel trousers, sleeping suit, sweater, six or more pairs of socks, handkerchiefs, spare boots and a pair of easy shoes, preferably rubber-soled canvas ones.

A pair of rubber knee-boots often prove a blessing, but they are bulky things to pack if your baggage is limited to a kit-bag.

The toilet outfit will, of course, include a bath towel, face towel, sponge, soap, razor, shaving soap and brush, tooth-brush and powder, hair-brush and comb.

Two other indispensable articles are a clothes-brush and a tin mug for shaving water and cleaning the teeth, but if you know beforehand with whom you are to share a tent, it can be arranged that these can be shared.

USEFUL EXTRAS.

Other miscellaneous items which are most important, but which can also in some cases do duty for a whole tent, are spare bootlaces, housewife (including needles, thread, pins, scissors, and buttons), pocket-knife (containing tweezers, corkscrew, awl, &c.), safety pins, writing materials, pencils, pocket notebook, string, a map of the district, and any drill books or reference books that may be useful.

Each man should also provide himself, in case the medical stores are not available, with boracic powder for galls and for keeping the feet in condition, zinc ointment, sticking plaster, cold cream (in case of sunburn), and some clean linen or bandage for binding up small wounds.

Lastly, the cleaning kit must include polishing rags, brush and leather, metal polish, boot polish, dubbin, a button-stick, and pipeclay and brown polish if necessary.

The packing of a military kit-bag, which is simply a waterproof sack, is by no means an easy matter to the novice. The secret is to put all the heaviest articles at the bottom and the softest ones down the sides. The smaller articles should, if possible, be packed in small bags—boot-bags are excellent for the purpose—so that you can keep your cleaning-kit and your medical outfit, for instance, separate and easily distinguishable.

Clothes before being packed should be rolled up as tightly as possible, and each roll pushed down end foremost.

THE INVALUABLE CAMP-STOOL.

A luxury that is well worth taking, if you can find room for it, is a folding camp-stool. There is no more comfortable armchair than can be constructed by placing a camp-stool between two of the guy-ropes of a tent—provided that the pegs thereof are securely fixed. The writer has among his treasures a libellous snapshot in which he appears leaning back against a tent in this position and sleeping peacefully after a hard days' fighting.

One is not usually troubled with insomnia at camp, but a comfortable bed is a most important item, which the tyro often fails to achieve. A common mistake is to put too much straw into the palliasse, with the result that you roll off it in the middle of the night. It should only be half-filled with straw laid lengthwise.

Some rolled up clothes make a more satisfactory pillow than the straw-filled regulation bolster. The luxurious man will take a pillow-case with him, or at least an extra face towel which can be used for the purpose.

If you cannot take an extra blanket-bag with you, it is advisable to make one of the blankets served out to you into a sleeping bag by folding it double and stitching or safety-pinning it along one side and one end. Otherwise you are likely to part company with your coverings during the night.

AT NIGHT.

Always sleep with the feet towards the tent pole, and always keep your great-coat over your feet ready to be pulled up when you are awakened by the cold at 2 or 3 a.m., which is very often the case.

Always lace the tent with the windward flap uppermost, and slacken the tent-ropes at night. If water begins to drip through the canvas in wet weather, place a finger on the spot and run it down the inside of the tent in a straight line to the ground; this will carry the water down the tent-wall.

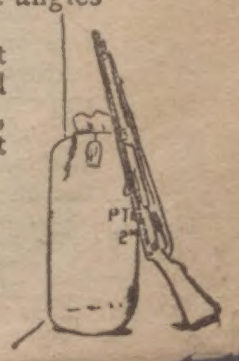
It will add greatly to your comfort and peace of mind if you get all your kit cleaned up at night for the next morning's parade.

The wise old soldier snatches forty winks whenever he can through the day, and keeps all the fitter for it, for he will be on a short allowance of sleep at night.

A little experience soon teaches one the art of constructing camp makeshifts from all sorts of odd articles. A very useful candlestick, if there is, as usual, a shortage of lanterns, can be made by sticking one blade of a penknife into the tent-pole and sticking the other, bent at right angles to the handle, into the bottom of a candle.

An upturned bucket makes an excellent seat. The empty tent-bag should be used as a receptacle for waste-paper and rubbish, for if this is thrown down on the ground it only has to be picked up again.

M. H. ALLAN.



NEW LIFE: BY ROAD AND FIELD AND RIVER.

It is not yet summer, though the trees seem open to their fullest foliage. Spring is indeed at this time just arriving at its period of high tide before the wave of renewed nature gathers new strength for an even fuller life.

So often you fancy that with the bursting of the leaves the spring has done its work, and that summer is here; but just as spring showed itself in many enchanting and hopeful ways while snow was falling and east winds were cutting the skin off your face, so summer is suggested when in reality spring has done no more than three-quarters of its share.

The best of spring comes late. Early signs have their attraction, but the proper name for the season is then in doubt, and winter has as much to say as spring.

STILL DAYS.

Then there come those almost inevitable quiet, warm days when the sun, because there is no wind, seems to have gained twice its former power, since yesterday. These still days are the true climax of spring, and they afford the walker especially an ideal opportunity for enjoying the most delicious sensations of the whole year.

Up to now there is nothing but unspoiled freshness on tree and hedge. It is that midway season when the trees are no longer bare, but when the woods begin to have the appearance of depth and shade so welcome later in the broiling days.

To be out and walking easily is the height of enjoyment. One needs no secondary means of realising the chief joy of life. Swift motion or muscular exertion—sport of any kind—is for this hour or two of no account. It is warm and fresh, and spring reigns, and that is sufficient.

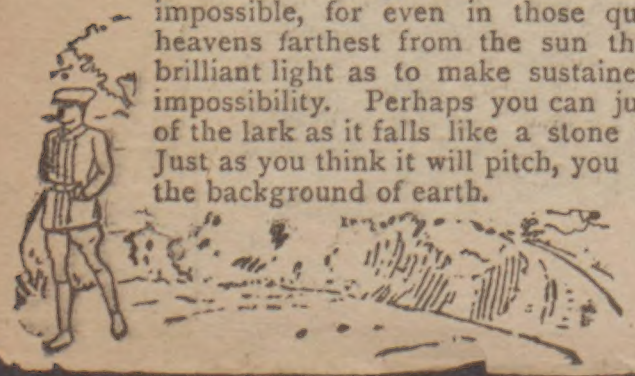
ON THE ROAD.

The road has a great fascination.

It is already dusty, but not parched and wearying to the foot. There is exhilaration in the air. The evaporating dews seem almost to effervesce in the atmosphere. Even at such an early date the sun has much power, and away up the road, where the distance is still hazy, you can see the shimmering, heated air rising from the ground. That is a sign to which we have for months been strangers. Few signs give such an impression as this of a warming earth and an increasing vegetation.

Though there is no wind, the wires at the top of the tarred poles hum contentedly and musically. From everything the sun draws melody. Far along the road there is the glint of sunshine on the inverted cups of the telegraph poles—little white spots that shine against a background of greening woods. Such a day as this might make even the gaunt poles themselves burst into leaf.

Creatures of the air and fields are in the full enjoyment of life. In every quarter of the sky larks are singing, but to trace them is almost impossible, for even in those quarters of the heavens farthest from the sun there is such a brilliant light as to make sustained watching an impossibility. Perhaps you can just catch sight of the lark as it falls like a stone towards earth. Just as you think it will pitch, you lose it against the background of earth.



Farmers are everywhere hastening on the tillage of their fields, and teams are round about upon the brown earth drilling, raking, and making all smooth and even against the later harvest.

IN THE FIELDS.

Across the hedge you watch the bright glint of the sun on the polished harness, coming and going as the horses' heads sway to their plodding steps. Even the sheen of the great creatures' coats can be seen, three fields away, when the hedge drops low and their great flanks appear. In the stillness the ploughman's voice sounds clear, and one can just make out the strange things he says to guide the team.

Nothing in wild nature is unexpected now. Every creature has licence to show its delight in the warm air and sunshine. Even a bat, revived after its sleep in a dark crack in the church rafters all the winter, comes out and swings and dives in the dazzling light.

The strangest things happen among little creatures. I was standing still in the middle of a broad road but yesterday, hearing a rustle in the hedgeside. From a tree-stump came a wood-mouse, straight for my feet. It ran beneath both boots just where the sole leaves the heel, had a good look at me, and was back into the hedge again.

FELLOW CREATURES.

Birds, too, become strangely tame, the gaudy chaffinch waiting till the last safe moment before throwing itself up from the road and back to the hedge in a sort of bravado. The shiny rook that gave you such a wide birth all winter now sits on the telegraph wire and watches you pass by, swaying its broad tail up and down to keep its balance on the thin wire. There are pheasants' nests in every hedge and partridges are laying in the grassy tufts.

At the side of the stream that winds away into remote meadows and by untrodden woods the sharp spikes of the new flags have begun to show. Soon the banks will be flaming with the yellow and purple iris.

Moorhens have already heaped up reeds upon the drooping branches of a willow and are laying; and in the wider pools the little trout are darting to and fro. You make a note to visit these shady pools later and try your luck with the rod.

Here, indeed, you could linger a whole summer through, by the side of the stream in the woods, where on the hottest days of drought there is freshness and a current in the water, and where overhead and through the woods there is the companionable voice of the pigeons.

C. EASTON-GREY.

WHEN YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL

anything in the Sporting Line, remember that our Readers' Sale and Exchange Page is always at your service.

LITERARY RECIPES.

HOW EXPERTS PREPARE THE PUBLIC'S MENTAL FOOD.

It has often struck the present writer that the great mass of the public spends an enormous amount of money—which might otherwise be expended on tobacco, not to mention beer—on miscellaneous literature. But why? The percentage of the populace who take their meals in restaurants is a very small one. What do the others do? They cook their food at home from recipes. Well, then, why not, instead of going outside for your weekly or daily supply of "Our Great New Serial," or "Charming Complete Story of Human Heart Interest," why not, I say, study the following recipes, and compose your mental fare for yourself?

Recipe for an "Enhancers" serial story: Take for your central figure, or *pièce de résistance*, a girl—Maggie would be a good name—and she *must* work in a mill. She must love, and be loved by, an honest mechanic—Adam would be a good name, to show that he doesn't care one for any other girl—but Danger must lurk in her path in the shape of a rascally employer. You should choose a good "mouthing" sort of name for him. Anstruther Holderness, for instance, might do.

This Fiend in Human Form should kidnap Maggie as, clad in her clogs and her shawl (and other things, we *hope*), she is coming out of the Great Gates; and Adam, waiting some distance off, should see it. Wind up your first instalment with the question—it *must* be in italics, mark you:

Will Adam kill Anstruther?

Then the reader will be sure to "spring" another penny next week.

Recipe for a "Daily Snail" article: Never mind what it is about, you must bring in Standard Bread and Sweet Peas. For instance, in criticising Mr. Lloyd George you might insinuate that if he sniffed a sweet pea now and then while speaking he would orate more mellifluously; or, if writing on the subject of the expense of Old Age Pensions you should suggest that a saving might be effected by feeding the pensioners on standard bread. The idea, of course, being that most of the poor old dears would be dead in a week or two, and would need no pensions.

Recipe for a Cottage Pie as described in "Home Nonsense." No knowledge of cookery is required to write a recipe of this kind. The stuff is really only used to fill up the spaces round the pictures of a "Pretty Pinafore for Baby, 2½ to 3¾ years," and so on. Nobody is ever supposed to be such an idiot as to try to make anything from these recipes. So go ahead. Jam in any old ingredients that come into your mind. "Capsicums" is a good "cookified" sort of word. Have one or two of them, and don't forget a pound or two of sugar; for then your dish can't help being "too sweet for anything."

Recipe for an article by Mr. Arnold Benneding: The chief desideratum here is "directness." Every sentence, none of which should be more than two or three words long, should affect you, as it were, like a punch on the back of the head. Something like this: say: "I met Walter. In the Strand. The seething, pulsing Strand. I met him. He shook me. By the hand. The right hand. Hard. He said, 'A drink. Give it to me. I want it.' I said, 'It must be beer. Glorious, soothing, foaming beer. England's beverage. It cannot be beaten. And it is only tuppence.' And beer it was." The beauty of this sort of style is its delightful simplicity. In the words of the poet, "A child can work it."

Other recipes, equally valuable, will be forwarded on receipt of P.O. for half a guinea.

L. H. WALFORD.

BOOK-LEARNING DIGESTED AND OTHERWISE

SOME PASSING THOUGHTS ON THE FASHION OF BOOKISHNESS.

One of the best-read men of my acquaintance prides himself on having forgotten nearly everything that he has ever read. It is seldom that he can locate a quotation when asked to do so, and it is not very often that he uses quotations.

When he desires to give a description of a man he does so in a few crisp phrases that get to the root of that man's character; but he does not docket any man as a type best exemplified by some well-known literary character.

There is nothing in his conversation to indicate that he has studied the chief works of every great writer in the English language, both in its present form and in those days when the literary works of this country were produced in Anglo-Saxon.

He says that he has forgotten all that he has read, but his is the right kind of forgetfulness, for he has absorbed the true spirit of his books, and has not been deceived, as so many well-read people have been, into confusing books with that real life of which they are but a picture.

BOOKISH BY PROFESSION.

His case is worthy of notice because it contrasts so strikingly with that of other people less pleasant whom one constantly meets in social life.

Clergymen and teachers are, in many instances, guilty of bookishness, probably because their professions tend to refresh their memories constantly as to the words of books, but by placing over-emphasis on the importance of these words they lose the spirit of the books.

The same tendency is also to be found amongst popular orators, but here the bookishness is, in most cases, sheer affectation, and the quotations and allusions are made with the deliberate intention of creating upon an illiterate audience an impression of learned-ness. These people use books for a mercenary purpose, and it would be useless to attempt to persuade them to drop the practice.

In the case of others, however, a little persuasion in this direction may not be out of place. Too many regard books as the embodiment of all wisdom, instead of being, as they are, the interpretation of a little of it.

COPYING.

The man who does not possess artistic talent but who believes that he does, generally endeavours to become an efficient artist by copying pictures and drawings. In fact, a considerable trade is done in the production of what the artist's colourman describes as "copies," which are coloured prints and are intended for amateurs to reproduce.

This practice is all very well for the young boarding-school miss who has to have a certain number of so-called "accomplishments" knocked into her; but it is not a method that will ever produce an artist, and it is not by method that would ever be practised by anyone who possessed that gift which is essential to success in art in any of its forms.

He who is going to be an artist, and not merely an art amateur, does not copy from other people's pictures—however good these may be—but copies direct from nature and from the things he sees about him.

The professedly bookish man closely resembles the dabbler in art.

The thinker reads books just as the artist studies the pictures of other artists, but the thinker does not attempt to memorise books or any part of them any more than does the artist attempt to copy the pictures at which he has been looking.

The thinker and the artist appreciate books and pictures more thoroughly than the average man could do, because they have understanding and penetration, each in his own particular sphere; but they are interested in books and pictures chiefly because these are the means by which other men have expressed their feelings and observations. They do not regard these things as the essence of life, for they know that life is as full of interest and beauty to-day as in any previous period.

Obvious as this may appear, it is a fact that is not realised by a large number of people who consider themselves well read. In fact there exist in their interests, and supported by their contributions, several periodicals dealing exclusively with books.

A book is an excellent thing, but what could be more dull than to read another man's impressions of it?

Literary periodicals do not, however, confine themselves to reviews; they devote part of their space to trivial discussions as to whether a certain writer was twice married, as to whether he ever visited Italy, as to whether he had a good knowledge of German, and their readers conduct heated correspondence as to whether this writer or that was the first to describe a certain thought in a certain manner.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

The pseudo well-read class is extensive, and members of it are to be met with wherever they can find people to bore with their dull and bookish conversation. When, in self-preservation, you deftly turn the conversation to some topic of present-day and real interest, the bookish person is left at a loss.

The wisdom of all the books he has read has been wasted upon him. It has not made him an observer; it has not taught him the great lesson of being interested in his fellow men and women. He remains interested only in books.

In his search for the truth he has grasped the shadow of book-learning and has let slip the substance, which is real life.

C. WOLFF.

RIDING A RACEHORSE.

There is only one man who can say that he has experienced a sensation approaching actual flight, without having tried the real thing, and he is the man who has ridden a racehorse.

The sensation is totally different from that experienced on a military charger, a hunter, or a road hack.

The stride is a long, easy, loping swing, as it were, and your mount's hoofs hardly seem to touch the ground.

Riding in a race demands much skill and judgment, but any averagely good horseman can ride a racehorse on a practice gallop without trouble or difficulty.

This is always supposing that the horse is good-tempered, and racehorses are not always so.

LAWN TENNIS REFORM.

THE TRICKS OF THE "SHAMATEUR."

Ructions are threatened in the lawn-tennis world. For some time past the Lawn Tennis Association has had its eye on certain well-known players, and with the opening of a new season these "shamateurs" will probably find themselves politely but firmly barred from competing at tournaments.

They are not likely to "take it lying down," for when they find themselves threatened with the loss of a pretty tidy income they are bound to make a fight for it.

Still, it is high time that the Lawn Tennis Association took action, though they can scarcely be blamed for not having done so before.

It is one thing to suspect players of misconduct, but it is a different pair of shoes when proof has to be produced.

I understand, however, that the L.T.A. have obtained definite evidence in certain cases, and that a "black list" has been prepared.

What are the charges? Well, it is alleged that certain players are in the pay of racquet and ball manufacturers, and of one such firm in particular.

They receive substantial sums for playing with a particular make of racquet, or allowing a racquet to be named after them.

Similarly they are paid to play with a particular kind of ball, and there was one bad case last year where a famous player declined to take part in a tournament unless So-and-So's balls were used.

It is said, also, that certain tournament officials have been in the habit of receiving secret commissions from tennis-outfitting firms to use their balls.

There are allegations, too, of matches having been "arranged," and of players receiving extremely lavish "expenses."

The scandal, however, centres mainly round the fact that certain players are subsidised by firms, and live by the game.

Proof of these payments is, of course, exceedingly hard to get, but when a man who has no ostensible means of existence can travel all round the country for months at a time playing tennis, the inference is obvious.

Tennis is the recreation mainly of ladies and gentlemen, but so far as the regular tournament players are concerned some of them are gentlemen neither by birth nor nature, and their presence keeps decent men out of the game.

Some time ago I was staying at a certain seaside hotel when a tennis tournament was held in its grounds. The landlord told me that two famous players not only expected to stay at the hotel for nothing, but that it was understood that before leaving they should each receive an envelope containing a £5 note.

He said he did not mind, that their play attracted so many visitors that it paid him to pay them; but this is a fair sample of what has been going on all over the country.

Then why is it that so many players figure under aliases? In many cases there may be nothing in it, just a question of a youth being anxious to conceal from his father or other authority that he is giving to tennis time he should be devoting to more serious matters; but even then I am sure that many will agree with me that if a man cannot play a game openly he had much better not play it at all.

The L.T.A. should insist that anyone taking part in a public tournament should do so under his own name.

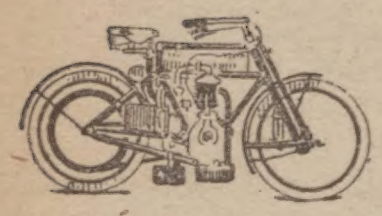
It would be a good thing, too, if the L.T.A. were to insist on tournament secretaries publicly inviting tenders for the supply of balls.

This would give self-respecting makers of tennis-balls an opportunity to compete on fair terms with firms that push their goods by means of secret commissions.

J. C. HARLOW.

Overhauling the Motor-Bike

USEFUL ADVICE BY A PRACTICAL ENGINEER.



It is at this season of the year that the man who does not use his motor-cycle as an aid to his business, but keeps it solely for pleasure, usually thinks of putting the machine in thorough order for the hard work of the summer.

The foreseeing man may have done so before the arrival of the long evenings, but it is safe to say that many motor-cycle owners have put it off till now, and content themselves with hastily overhauling the small parts and leaving the larger and more difficult parts until some other time, which usually never arrives.

It is far better to remove the machine to a cellar or attic and set about thoroughly going over all the parts where any wear or movement takes place.

To begin with, remove the tank and, if the enamel is very badly scratched or rubbed away where the knees grip it, it is always worth while returning it to the makers of the machine for re-enamelling and lining. It will only cost a few shillings, and the new and fresh appearance when replaced on the machine will impart a smartness to the rest of the outfit.

SETTING THE VALVES IN ORDER.

Next remove the engine bodily from the frame—on many makes it is possible to remove engine, carburetter, magneto, and silencer intact—take off the cylinder and remove the valves, thoroughly grind in the inlet valve until no black spots are left, do the same with the exhaust valve, or, if you possess a spare valve, it is a good policy to use it, retaining the old exhaust valve as a spare.

Do not forget to grind in the new valve, however. Carborundum is as good a valve-grinding medium as any. Finish off with engine oil only on the valve face and seating. Put new springs on each valve and also renew the cotters if they show any signs of mutilation. It may save you much trouble on the road at some future date.

After having finished the cylinder, take off the piston, being careful to note the way the gudgeon pin goes in. Knock it out from the opposite side, or you will crack the piston.

If the gudgeon pin shows any signs of wear, obtain a new one from the manufacturers. It is only a small item, but will cure your engine of that rattle which may have worried you for the last few hundred miles.

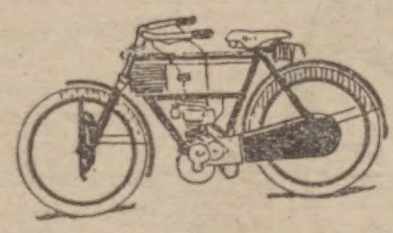
Fit new rings on the piston, if there are any dark patches showing where the charge has been blowing past. It is always advisable to renew the top ring, which has most of the work of retaining the compression to do, the other, or in some cases others, merely acting more or less as guides.

EXPERT WORK.

Now for the crank-case. Take hold of the pulley and hold it firmly in one place. Then take the connecting-rod and try to move it up and down. If there is any movement other than side-play, which does not matter, it is a sign that the big end bush is worn and needs renewing.

This is hardly the sort of work for a novice to undertake, as the job of trueing the flywheels afterwards, on the trueness of which the smooth running and balance of the engine depends, is better accomplished by an experienced engine-builder, who has tools specially made for this purpose. I therefore advise the sending of the crank-case to the makers, who will generally only keep it for a day or two. It is worth while asking them to replace any worn parts of the timing gear at the same time.

In case of the connecting-rod showing no signs of up and down play, wash out the crank-case with paraffin. Next take the timing-case cover off carefully, if possible so as to leave the cam-wheels and rockers in place. Take notice then if there are any marks on the cam-wheels. If there are, take care, when replacing, to have each one opposite the mark on its neighbour.



Examine each part minutely for the very smallest sign of wear, remembering that it is here that efficiency of your engine lies. If any worn parts are found, replace them with new ones from the makers of your engine. Having washed all parts, put them back into their respective places in the case, and in the event of their having no timing-marks, obtain a copy of the maker's catalogue, in which you will usually find instructions.

REBUILDING.

If you cannot obtain one, remember that in practically all cases the exhaust valve closes with the piston dead on top. In the case of mechanically-operated inlet valve engines, the inlet valve opens immediately the exhaust closes. By following these instructions you cannot go wrong.

We now commence to re-erect our engine. Place brown paper washers, soaked in boiled olive oil, between all faces. Having put the cylinder on, see that there is not more than 1-32 in. clearance between the valve stems and tappets. If there is more, either place a cap under the valve stem on the tappet, or heat the valve and beat it out to the desired length, not forgetting to harden it again. Place new washers under the valve caps and compression tap; see also that the tap-joint on the latter is compression tight.

Next we must turn our attention to the magneto. Take off the contact-breaker and wash with petrol. File the platinum points with a watchmaker's file; see they make contact perfectly. Rub the carbon brush at the back of the contact-breaker on the file, also the one under the high-tension terminal. Replace the parts and put a few drops of thin oil down the lubricators.

WORTH THE TROUBLE.

Lastly, take to pieces and clean the carburetter and silencer.

Having thus got our power unit in thorough order, we replace it in the frame and time the magneto, as a general rule, as follows: Turn the engine until the piston is at the top *after* the exhaust valve has closed. Place the spark lever half-way from "fully retarded." Place the points on the contact-breaker about to "break" and couple up in this position. On some engines it is necessary to modify this timing. Twins, for example, require timing faster than singles. As every engine varies slightly, it is impossible to make a hard-and-fast rule.

After tightening all bolts, bearings, &c., on the cycle parts of the machine, inject five pumpfulls of oil into the engine and start.

You will feel elated at the way your machine pulls, and feel quite repaid for your trouble and care.

CLIFFORD WILSON.

A STIMULANT.

If you are feeling a bit down in the mouth and are beginning to wonder whether all your efforts are really worth while, it is worth recalling the fact that no man ever yet worked his passage in a dead calm.

Opposition, whether it comes from your enemies or from your own weaker qualities, is what makes you strong.

You fight the opposition and emerge victorious from the battle twice the man you were when you entered it.

GETTING OLD.

A MAN'S FEELINGS ON DISCOVERING THE FIRST GREY HAIRS.

The day before yesterday I had my hair cut, and when the operation was nearly finished I said to the barber: "My hair's in pretty good condition, isn't it?"

"It's all right, sir," he said, "and very thick, but I suppose you know that it's turning grey on the top."

I should not mind betting that at that moment my hair, grey or not, stood on end. His statement was too probable to be questioned, for on recent mornings I had, while shaving, several times observed what appeared to be a grey hair here and there on the side of my head; but these grey hairs I had not examined closely, for I refused to believe that they were possible at my age, for I am far from approaching the thirties.

"Pull one out and let me see it," I said.

He was more gentle than to do so, and, instead, cut a couple off and placed them in my hand. They were not only grey, but absolutely white.

"Perhaps you do a great deal of mental work, sir," he said, and I admitted that I made my living so.

"It's always the way," he said, "with mental workers. They either go bald or turn grey."

When I got home that evening I told my wife about it.

"My dear boy," she said, "you'll become quite interesting. I've got a whole lot of grey hairs, even if you haven't noticed them. One has either to get old or die off, so you should not worry about it."

That same evening I wrote to my sister, who is considerably older than I. She and I write to one another intimately, often on trivial matters; and I remember saying in my letter that work was apparently beginning to tell on me, and cited as proof of it what the barber had said.

I have in front of me her reply, in the course of which she says:

"I think that barber wanted to sell you a lotion or tonic; but if you are getting grey, better that than bald, as I say when I am hauling out white hairs by the dozen—a trick which, by the way, I am giving up as hopeless, as the brutes seem to grow all the better for being persecuted, dratted things!"

For a comparatively young man to discover that his hair is turning grey is, at first, something of a tragedy.

He sees indisputable evidence that he is no longer the youngster he has thought himself. The fun and frivolity in which he has indulged, and which he has innocently enjoyed, appear now to be incongruous.

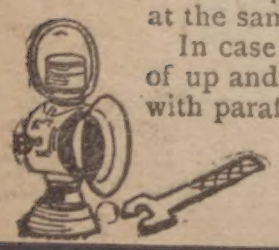
Such, at least, were my feelings at first, but luckily I am gifted with a certain amount of philosophic resignation, and now I am inclined to think that the age of a man should not be computed either by his years or by the inroads that grey hairs may make on his head, but by how old he feels.

The dearest old lady whom I ever knew died when she was seventy-three, but right up to the time of her death her friends always went wrong when trying to estimate her age because her face was always smiling, even though there were a few grey hairs on her head.

Sometimes she mislaid things, and inveighed against herself for her forgetfulness. "Old folk," she used to say, "like old horses, ought to be shot."

It was a cheery bit of humour, for she was perfectly happy. She remained a young woman because her disposition, in spite of the years, was sunny. In a word, she knew how to grow old gracefully, and it is an art worth cultivating.

C. EVANS.



The Jonah Man

A RACING SKETCH.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

"Like shellin' peas to 'im," said the despondent and down-at-heel stay-at-home backer in the cool, sequestered gloom of the Shades' fire-screened chimney corner. He cast the early evening newspaper aside so that it found a resting-place amid the shavings and the gold tinsel in the cheerless fireplace. That successful sportsman, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, had brought off another "playful double," yet the searcher after good things—"on" what he termed some other slice of catsmeat-on-a-skewer in both races had naught save words of disgust for those famous victories.

"Always goes to them as don't want it," he went on, dismally, to me. "Others may struggle and meet nothin' but 'ard luck by the truck-load. That's not Mr. R.'s luck. 'E not only owns good 'orses, but probably has just a bit more than, say, a three-and-sixpenny double on the good things, an' off they comes every time, when I back 'em. D' you know, *I* could run the 'ouse of Rothschild.

"I've got a little weary of racing, I 'ave. Not what it used to be? Oh! I don't know. The trouble is that it's just what it always was, only it takes a man years to find that out, somehow. What 'ave I been told all me life? Why, that racin' was no good. And my point of view from the day my old man first copped me with a tanner in a slip o' paper was that racing *was* very probably no good to some people, but it was only because they weren't so clever as me. Your racin' man, your reg'lar patron of the sport wot don't missed 'avin' a little somethin' on every day from Lincoln Spring to Manchester November, is always optimistic. There's nothin' less than a bloomin' geyser of 'ope in 'is eternal breast. Otherwise 'e wouldn't continue to be balmy, and pore bookmakers would 'ave to walk to their offices on their big feet instead of rollin' there in shimmerin' motor-cars. It's a funny thing, but a chap 'oo owns about 'arf the pubs in the Midlands wouldn't be drawin' much more than twenty-five 'og a week on 'is overtime, if it 'adn't been for a bit o' misfortune on my part.

"You wouldn't think to look at me that I was within an ace of breakin' a bookmaker's bank once, would you? I told you about my old man coppin' me with a bettin' slip in my 'and, didn't I? Well, that was the time when Fate, as you might say, was 'angin' in the balance for that bookmaker. I was in an engineerin' job then, as apprentice, and this merchant from the fittin' shop had started to make a small silver book on the capital of a tidy lump of overtime wot 'e 'ad made several previous weeks.

"My old man, as I said, cops the bettin' slip and takes out the tanner. It was a double, and 'e said that it was bad enough to try and find one winner, but it was rank, glarin' chuckin' away of good money attemptin' to spot two.

"So 'e knocks it down to 'imself, that tanner, as a lesson to me, 'e said—thought I never see 'im comin' out of the pub lickin' 'is gills, I 'spose. Fathers allus kids 'emselves that they've sired blind and common-senseless stock.

"Result was that both my 'orses rolls 'ome at 'ens,' and 'eights.' That would ha' been forty-four bob I should have 'ad to draw. And, as Harry Hannabee often admits (that's the chap I mean. The big No Limit man. You can well take me for a liar, but this is gospel), it would have knocked the bottom out of 'is book that day, and bein' a once-bitten twice-shy man, 'e never would 'ave started again.

"You think 'e ought to remember all 'e owes to me? Well, I'll be fair to 'im. 'E used to, once upon a time. You see, as 'e began to get in a large way o' business, a lot of Noomarket stables entrusted 'im with their commissions. 'E 'ad all the 'ottest jobs in the country, and 'e used to send word o' some o' these things to me. And never a one but wot got second when he told me they were confident of a win, and fourth was the position of all those for which 'e 'ad each-way commissions to work.

"'E chucked it up at the finish. I found out from one of 'is clerks that 'e got cunnin', and started sendin' me wire finals givin' 'orses 'is clients feared in whatever races their jobs 'appened to be. See? 'Cute chap, Harry Hannabee.

"But I'm always open to do a bit o' good to anyone (and the 'arf-pint you just stood me was lovely, my throat bein' at about the same quotation as the top dust of the Sahara Desert). So if there's any 'orse in the Grand National 'oo's owner you 'ate or 'oo's neck you especially want bent on account of the conspicuous position 'e's 'eld on the 'you lose' side o' your S. P. merchant's account, you give me a bob to back it with.

"Why, do you know, I accomplished as neat a little bit o' revenge, for a fine girl that was bookin' clerk in this very hotel, as ever you'd want to read about in a 'Daily Mail' serial. With me crime is made easy. Don't give any blo min' Dirty Hand Bands or Black Neck Societies the commission to accomplish your little revenges. Bring 'em to me. I can refer you to Miss Poppy Plinlimmon for a testimonial. I didn't 'arf do it on one poor blighter for 'er.

"'E was a gentleman jockey, and—well, 'e was a good jockey, anyway. Can't say much about the qualification, though. 'E came into this 'ere hotel one Bibury week and, contrary to all precedent, 'e gives the barmaid a miss in favour of Miss Plinlimmon, the bookin' clerk.

"I didn't 'arf 'ave a day with 'im, neither. 'E *was* a one, 'e was. Used to bribe me to arrange clandestine meetin's for 'im, he did, 'cause 'e couldn't always find an excuse to go into the office. I could, you see; I'm the odd-job man 'ere.

"Well, 'e paid me on the jockey's system. So much for the mere work and so much more if I brought it off—got 'er to say she'd meet 'im, see? That was, as you might remark, the only time in me life I 'ad the sensation of ridin' winners. I was on a 'arf-quid a time, an' I should 'a' been rich if all the money 'e gave me 'adn't been of the home-made brand. 'E paid me in a lump, an' cleared afore I 'ad as much as time to bite the shiners.

"But what 'ad 'e done in the meantime? W'y, blighted the life of Miss Plinlimmon. 'E was as false as 'arf the 'air on the 'ead of our new barmaid. 'E'd 'eartlessly robbed 'er of 'er young affections, put her on a couple of stumers (cash bets, too!), and then gone an' left 'er for hever. 'Ow does that strike you? Called for a bit o' manly indignation, didn't it?

"Well, I came bang to the front with some o' that. I told the girl to dry those tears and calm those fears—life is not made for sor-hor-hor-row, as the song says. The blue skies I told her to lift her eyes up to was me—me and my luck.

"'You give me a dollar,' I ses, 'and I'll see 'e comes to a nasty sticky end.'

"The mention of the dollar made 'er think I wasn't what you might call disinterested. Then I explained. If I 'ad such a large sum as that on the next 'orse 'e rode it would be any odds that the 'orse would bolt with 'im and bash 'im into the 'ardest bit o' railin' you could find on the course; or else it would fling 'im over into the 'arf-dollar ring right into the weskit of a prize-fighter, 'oo would get so mad that he'd alter 'is face for 'im.

"And it all turned out as I said, only the 'orse bolted so straight that 'e won the race in a common trot, selected the paddock entrance to break 'is rider's leg on, and then walked as quiet as a lamb, 'is jockey still up, towards the weighin'-room. Ever a bit of a Stoic, the gentleman rider 'ops off with the saddle and faints just as 'e drew the weight in the chair of the scale. Same evenin' Miss Plinlimmon button'oles my S.P. merchant and draws the odds to the dollar wot she said I'd put on for 'er. Daresay you'll think that the only satisfaction I 'ad was that the dispenser of bad 'arf thick' uns 'ad got 'is doos at last. Well, I was just a leetle bit 'appy till I 'eard the 'uge amount 'e was insured for against accident."

The Jonah man sighed and picked up the "Sportsman."

"I've backed another 'orse to-day," he said, wearily. "I couldn't be off it. 'E's really a good 'orse, and owned by a man what's so lucky racin' that I've reasoned it out that 'is good luck may possibly be superior in quality even to my bad luck. I've been on 'im three times. Every paper tips 'im because 'e's only suffered through bein' left or hampered. To-day it looks a good thing for 'im. Listen. I'll read you from the trainin' reports: 'Left for Newmarket, fit and well, Wambledon, who *will* win the Stayers' Plate.' And then it's the 'Facts and Form' star selection, and also 'Augur's' black-letter tip. Don't expect 'im to be much of a price, but there'll be a big field, and I should say they'll back perhaps five of 'em. I've really got 'opes of winnin' a bit to-day—gettin' my shillin' back with a bit of interest. If you don't speckerlate, you can't accoomerlate, you know."

From outside came the sounds of the newspaper boys shouting "Four-thirty winner!"

The stay-at-home punter looked at me apologetically.

"My 'eart's a little weak on occasions like this," he said. "Would you mind gettin' a paper and readin' out the winner right quick? Some'ow me 'and always trembles so that I can't read the small type of the Stop Press news even when I find it—which takes me time."

I collared a newspaper boy and read the result outside the bar.

"Wambledon!" I cried, delighted. "I must be a mascot to you."

I passed the paper over to him.

"Coo! and the odds," he almost shouted. "Look! Six to one! Missy, I shall be the death of a bettin' now. What will you have, sir? No, it's no use refusing or ordering common beer. You must join us, too, missy. Three whiskies and a large Polly split. . . . One and four? Thanks."

A seedy gentleman looked in.

"I see your Wambledon won," he said, wiping his desiccated lips significantly.

"Yes. What's yours?"

"Oh, a can o' bitter, please."

A small spectacled cabdriver peered his head round the door.

"I'm all right for that tanner you owe me now, ain't I?" he asked of the successful backer of a six-to-one chance.

"Certainly. Catch. Comin' over." He threw him the coin and took a happy drink of his whisky-and-soda.

"Better 'ave a half-pint by way of interest," he added.

"Right. Thanks."

"You're very generous," I ventured to remark. "Do you know that that's one and eightpence you've spent of the six shillings you have to come—to say nothing of the repaid sixpence?"

"Oh, it's a change in the luck," he said. "I've got about six bob on me, you see. I shall do in the lot just to—er——"

"Propitiate Fortune," I suggested.

"That's right," he said.

I had a glimpse, then, of the easy way in which

money easily earned easily goes even in the less wealthy circles of the racing world.

Half an hour later there entered the Jonah man's commission agent with the last edition of the evening paper under his arm.

"Let's see," he said. "You've a bit to come, haven't you?"

"Just for once," said the generous winner, happily.

The bookmaker handed him a half-crown and crossed off something in his book.

"That isn't six-to-one to a bob," said the Jonah man, banteringly. "Where's your mathematics?"

"Where's *your* eyes?" asked the bookmaker, handing to his client the fully set out result of the Stayers' Plate.

"Crikey!" said the Jonah man, miserably, reading aloud, "six to *four* against Wambledon. It's that damned apprentice at the news office again! Let me get at him! I'll bust 'is foolish 'ead, settin' it up at six to one!"

Brushing past us all, the unfortunate punter made a dramatic exit, brandishing his stick.

A compositor from the evening paper's printing works, who happened to be in the bar, nodded his head with the air of one who pities the imbecile.

"They sacked that boy a good 'alf-hour ago," he said.

CLUB NEWS.

NOTTINGHAM.—The smoking concert recently held in connection with the Nottingham MODERN MAN Club was very successful. Three excellent club rooms have now been obtained in Wheeler Gate, a central and convenient position. It is intended to arrange them as a smoking and reading room, a gymnasium, and a billiard-room, and the opening ceremony will take place very shortly. All Nottingham readers are invited to communicate with the secretary, Mr. H. K. Blundell, of 4, The Grove, Sherwood.

MANCHESTER.—The Manchester MODERN MAN Club has secured larger premises at 48, Medlock Street, Hulme, comprising a shop and four rooms. The shop is to be fitted up as a gymnasium, and the rooms will be devoted to reading, games, etc. The secretary, Mr. A. S. Pellant, of 9, Joule Street, Blackley, Manchester, informs us that the membership is increasing daily, and that the following sports are being taken up: Cricket, rowing, cross-country running, and swimming, for all of which the club has secured capable instructors. The rambling section of the club has been very successful, and many interesting social gatherings have been arranged. For example, on a recent evening the club engaged the front tier of the grand circle at the Hippodrome, and turned out in strength. Manchester readers desirous of joining should communicate with the secretary.

LOB BOWLING.

Probably there would be many more good lob-bowlers than there are if the majority of cricketers did not suffer from the delusion that any fool can bowl lobs.

A delusion indeed, for lobs require quite as much practice and skill as "googlies."

First of all, the "lobster" must acquire an absolute command of "length," and next a sharp and big break. A low flight is essential, though a very useful ball is a full toss about the height of the top of the stumps.

The "lobster's" first aim should be not to hit the stumps, but to induce the batsman to have a go, and it will often pay him to send down a deliberately bad ball, such as a long hop, which the striker promptly smacks for four, and then to give him one which looks like another long-hop, but isn't quite, and which has a big break on it.

The lob that is also a "yorker" is a deadly ball, more especially when you have purposely favoured the batsman with a couple of half-volleys to start with.

HANDICAPPING AT GOLF.

PUZZLING POINTS CLEARLY EXPLAINED.

One is continually making fresh acquaintances at golf, more especially when away for a holiday and playing on strangel inks.

You go down to the club-house, a solitary stranger, in the hope of finding some other member or visitor without a match, and if such happily be the case the steward or the professional brings you together.

"What is your handicap?" he asks, and you tell him that you are an extremely poor 14. To this he replies that he is a 10-man, but hasn't been able to hit a ball for months. Self-depreciation of this kind is part of the etiquette of the game.

Now as 10 and 14 men you are presumably fairly experienced, and should know at once that he has to give you three strokes on the eighteen holes—that is, if you are playing a match by holes.

On the other hand, if you elect to play by strokes, then he would have to give you four strokes.

The reason for this difference in the number of strokes allowed is that an inferior player is presumably more uncertain than a better one, but his mistakes do not matter so much at match as at stroke play.

For example, he may take 10 strokes to one hole and lose it, but that will not affect his chance of winning the other holes. When playing by strokes, however, 10 to one hole would count heavily against him on the whole round.

In stroke handicaps, therefore, the player simply gives or receives the difference between his own and his opponent's handicaps, but in match play the rule is that the better player gives in strokes three-fourths of the difference between the handicaps of himself and his opponent.

In this case you are 14 against the other man's 10; 14—10=4; ¾ of 4=3; therefore he has to give you 3 strokes on the round.

Similarly a scratch player would give an 18 handicap man 14 strokes. The difference is 18, three-quarters of which is 13½, and the rule is that where the fraction is ½ or over it counts as one, when under a half as nothing; if the difference had worked out at 13¼, 13 strokes would be given.

The strokes *must* be taken at certain holes; you cannot save them up for use when required. Where they are taken is a matter for local rule, the general principle being to give the strokes at the most difficult holes, one stroke to each.

It is one of the exasperations of the game that when receiving a stroke at a hole you will often win that hole without your stroke, which has therefore been of no use to you.

You may, however, agree to give or receive bisques. These are strokes which the recipient can use up when and as he likes.

Say you are receiving three bisques, you can take them all at the first hole if you like, though naturally so long as you can win or halve without them you will save them up for emergency.

Clearly it is harder to give bisques than strokes, which must be taken at certain holes, and therefore four bisques are considered equal to six strokes.

The foregoing stroke rules apply to singles only. In foursomes the rule is to give or take three-eighths of the difference between the aggregate handicaps on either side.

W. J. STUBBS.

THOUGHTLESS GUESTS.

PEOPLE WHO LOSE THEIR HEADS IN NEW SURROUNDINGS.

There is a type of person, amiable, well-worthy, good-tempered, thoroughly versed in all that is supposed to constitute good breeding and a consciousness of social responsibility, who is nevertheless apt to rub one up the wrong way to an irritating degree, in certain circumstances.

As a rule, these people are the essence of decorum and convention when living in their own homes.

They have a very keen sense of what is supposed to be "the proper thing," and endeavour to carry it out to the best of their knowledge and means.

Though intensely conservative (in a non-political sense, please, reader) in all that concerns their own neighbourhood and circumstances, they have no sort of feeling that others may also be anxious to preserve an atmosphere and a conduct in conformity with their own surroundings.

If one would live in peace and amity with one's neighbours—a duty which all of us find none too easy at times—it is very necessary that one should not go out of one's way and leave the beaten track of ordinary conduct.

Such a view does not appeal to thoughtless guests.

It is when these folk are transported to some country spot far from their own abode that they seem to lose all sense of proportion.

The country—especially if they are town-dwellers—appears to act on them as a red rag is said to affect a bull. They are driven temporarily insane by the change in environment.

Knowing nothing of the local obligations under which one lives, they take it for granted that there are no restricting clauses in the life of the neighbourhood. The result is disastrous.

Having brought Jacko, the terrier, from town, to "give him a run," they promptly take him out after breakfast before you have had time to mention "pheasants," or "game preserving," and send Jacko off into the squire's best preserves.

There is a hullabaloo among the birds, a wild yelping from Jacko, and a great dispersal of rabbits; and while your guest is shouting "fetch 'im Jacko" at the top of his voice, in the middle of the road, you are blushing for him, and fumbling for a couple of half-crowns in view of the rapid approach of a furious gamekeeper.

Meanwhile the village has assembled to see this lunatic whom you have imported into the district.

It takes you six weeks to recover your self-respect and a further six to regain that of the villagers.

That mere peasants should have feelings, and that they should resent having them overridden, never seems to have dawned on the thoughtless guest.

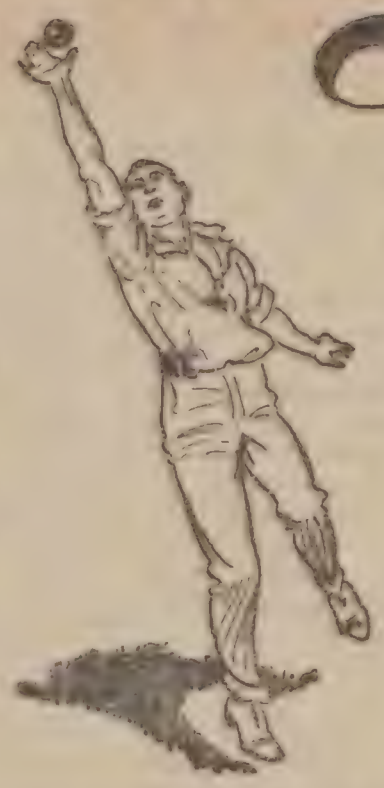
Every cottage is to them a place where an ideal and cheap tea can be "ordered" without hesitation. If a cottager should refuse, the visitor carries away an impression of the "independence" of the cottager. A little more tact would have meant a very different result.

The thoughtless guest will often stroll through a village making quite audible and most uncomplimentary remarks about the people and the houses, quite forgetful of the fact that you, the host, have to live among these people.

You are heartily glad when such a guest has gone. It takes days for you to get over the feeling that the susceptibilities of your neighbours have been badly ruffled, and you make a vow to be more careful in future in selecting your week-end guests.

J. G. HAYWARD.

THE ART OF CATCHING



A DEPARTMENT OF CRICKET THAT IS NOT ENOUGH PRACTISED.

I need not insist on the truism that more matches are lost at cricket through missed catches than from any other cause, or on the equally obvious fact that a team of moderate batsmen and bowlers who accepted every reasonable chance of a catch offered them would easily beat a champion team over a series of matches.

Why are catches so often missed? Partly for psychological, partly for more material reasons. Just as a batting rot will set in for no apparent reason with a team, and really first-class batsmen allow themselves to be bowled by long hops or half-volleys, or any kind of "tosh" sent down to them, we see this happen in a Test match—did we not see it not so very long ago?—so will a fielding side for no ostensible reason become "sitters," hopelessly demoralised and let "sitter" after "sitter" drop on to the carpet. I say for no ostensible reason, but I must admit that a catching rot is generally preceded by one or two appalling "bloomers." Still, why should a usually capable fieldsman be influenced for the worse by the inexcusable misdeeds of others? Should they not rather put him on his guard and make him take extra care not to make a similar silly ass of himself? On the other hand, it may be that one or two mistakes make the other men careless in that they are apt to say to themselves, "Oh, the boss won't be able to say anything if we drop one."

A CONTAGIOUS DISEASE

Anyway, miscatching is "catching," and at least one county side—I won't mention names, but you will all know the one I mean—caught the disease some years ago, and has suffered from it ever since.

Let us turn we now to the material causes of bad catching. Want of practice is a great and obvious one. Men will practise batting or bowling but seldom catching. "It will be right on the night," as the actors say, when they expect to develop in a match that quality of hand and eye, that judgment of pace and sense of touch at the moment of meeting the ball, which can only come from constant and sustained practice.

There is, of course, there is often a valid excuse for missing what is in itself an easy catch. "Lost sight of it" is a good defence when the man had the sun in his eyes or the ball became invisible against a dark background of gathering thunder-clouds or trees.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL.

At the same time, a man often loses sight of the ball through his own fault. In the case of a high-dropping catch you should always take it high up. That is, you should hold your hands as high as your chest; for if you keep them lower down you are bound to lose sight of the ball as it drops beneath your eyes.

"Lost sight of it" often simply means that the fielder kept his hands too low, and is a real excuse.

Some catches, however, are difficult in themselves. Those given in the slips off fast bowling generally come to the fielder at a great pace, and often have a tremendous spin on them, which is apt to twist the ball out of the hands, unless, as he should do, he "grasps the nettle" firmly.

The catches that come cover-point's way, too, are usually awkward. They often have a spin on them, and appear to be coming straight at him only to curl away to one side or the other at the last moment.

Point's catches look hard, and bring down the gallery when made, but there is a good deal of blind luck about them, though in saying that I do not mean to discount point's necessary qualities of pluck and "instantaneous" eye or hand.

Still, the catch at point has rarely any spin on it, and comes so quick that you have no time to follow its flight, and you can only shove your hands where you think it is coming and trust to luck.

Mid-on and mid-off usually get hard, straight drives to catch, but are apt to be bothered by the skimming ball which starts slow, rises quickly, and is often curling away with a big twist on it.

Short-leg gets much the same sort of blind catches as point, and often none is more surprised than himself to find that the ball has stuck in his outstretched hand.

IN THE DEEP FIELD.

In the long field the most difficult catches are those where the fielder has to run forwards or backwards to get to the ball, the latter being by far the more trying of the two. Most difficult of all is the catch which forces you to turn round and run after it, turning round again to take it as it falls.

Catching at the wicket is an art by itself, but the same general principles of catching apply to it as elsewhere.

What are these principles? Well, the first is never to take one hand to the ball when you have time to get both hands to it. This principle is constantly disregarded and is a most fertile cause of missed catches.

The next rule is that the hands should be held in the shape of a cup—at least for all high-dropping catches—not, as the novice often holds them, side by side in the shape of a plate, and still less one above the other.

POSITION OF THE HANDS.

It is only a very green novice who will attempt to take a catch in the latter fashion, with one wrist resting on the other, but I have seen it done.

The result is not unlikely to be a broken finger if the ball comes down with any force on the raised fingers of the upper hand.

Then the hands should "give" at the moment the ball comes into them, for if there is not this "give," the ball is almost certain to jump out of the hands before the fingers can close round it.

This is where practice is so important, for it is only by practice that you will learn to let the hands "give," not too much, lest the ball slip through them, but just enough to give the fingers time to curl tightly round it.

Always try to get well under a dropping catch, so that the ball comes into the hands held close to the chest.

Dropping catches are very easily missed, if you have to stretch out the arms to take the ball.

Always try to get in front of a low catch coming, say, waist or chest high and to one side of you. A poor or lazy fieldsman will stand still and stretch out one hand to such a catch, but the good man will jump to one side so that he can take the ball with both hands, with the additional chance of hugging it to his body should it slip through his fingers.

L. D. TALBOT.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF A GARDEN.

HOW IT MAY BE FRIENDLY OR OTHERWISE.

Perhaps the most envied man to-day is he who is the possessor of a big garden. He may be destitute of many things, but if he has a garden we all account him lucky beyond the average.

Just at this time of year, when so much of our attention is given to the outdoor life, gardens loom large in our view. Even somebody else's garden gives us a certain amount of satisfaction, for we are glad that such places exist, and that men still have the taste and inclination to keep them up and keep them beautiful.

The two things do not always go together. There are gardens and gardens.

One of the most fascinating of the occupations of an average day's tramp or cycling is the criticism of gardens, solely from our own individual points of view.

The faculty of ordering a garden so that it shall express the tastes or feelings, or fill the requirements of the owner, is much more difficult than might appear to the man without the chance of making the garden what he really wishes it to be.

Far easier is it to express one's feelings about a garden—whether it suggests quietude, retreat, beauty of form and colour, fragrance, refinement.

Size has little or nothing to do with the feeling for a real garden. The rectangular plot that is repeated over and over again along a hundred suburban roads is just as capable of repressing what one may call the "garden spirit" as a three-acre paradise with lawns, shrubberies, rose-walks, and arbours.

Some of the largest gardens, on which it is obvious much money and attention are lavished, are as unfriendly and unpeaceful as a builder's yard. Your spirit could never be at rest in them; you would never steal out on to their lawns after dark to pace slowly up and down revolving upon the everlasting things. They repel you, and you know it instantly. But precisely what it is that gives such gardens their spirit of unrest it is hard to say.

Two suburban gardens, alike in shape and area to half an inch, will display these two opposite qualities equally plainly.

In one case you would say: "If I had a garden like that I'd seldom leave it." In the other case you say: "If I had a garden like that I'd seldom go into it."

A garden resents any effort to try to convert it into what it was never meant to be. Thus in a small space there is no need for eccentric and numerous pathways, or rustic arches placed where no archway can ever be needed or appropriate.

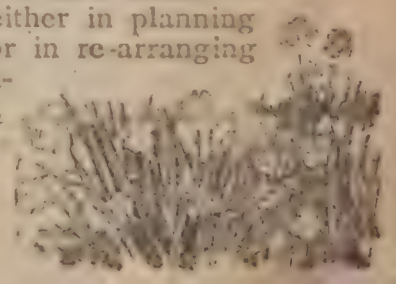
It is sad, too, to think that so many gardens, small ones especially, are spoiled by the shape and arrangement of the beds.

So often the beds are mere slashes in what should be a stretch of grass. The garden is littered with half-moons and circles, and slits of earth, that are neither attractive in themselves nor appropriate to the general character of the garden. They only serve to interrupt at frequent intervals one's effort to find a green space on which to pace easily to and fro.

A love of flowers is by no means all that is required to fashion a garden.

Exactly what makes a good garden—that is to say, a restful garden—it is impossible to define. It has something of the elusive essence of personality. Nevertheless, it is pleasant at all times to exercise such measures of this faculty as we have, either in planning our own gardens in reality or in re-arranging those of other people in imagination.

C. B. STAINER.

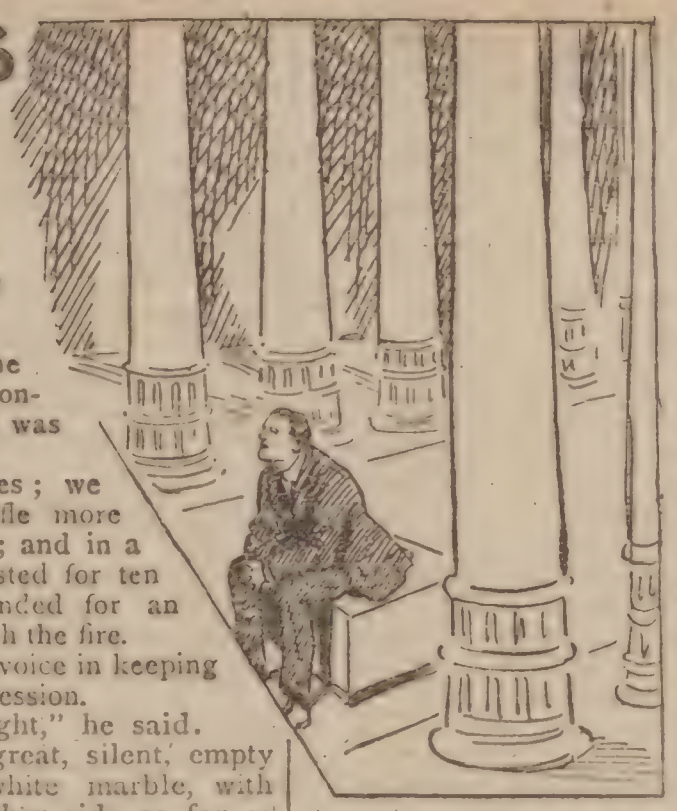


CONNELL'S DREAM

AN ALLEGORY.

By A. G. STORM.

"The greatest mystery of all is pain."



There had been a lull in the conversation for some time. Connell seemed thoughtful and I was in no mood to disturb him.

We had laid aside our pipes; we had settled ourselves a trifle more comfortably in our armchairs; and in a silence which might have lasted for ten minutes, and probably extended for an hour, we did nothing but watch the fire.

Connell spoke at last, in a voice in keeping with his enrapt, far-away expression.

"I had a dream last night," he said.

"I fancied I was in a great, silent, empty hall—a hall made of white marble, with innumerable columns on either side as far as the eye could reach, and so tall that their loftiness was lost in invisibility.

"The air about me was not as the air to which we were accustomed, a palpable thing, with softness and violence and pressure, but consisted, as it were, of a silvery brightness, infinitely light and pure.

"And I knew—or thought I knew—that it was one of the Halls of Heaven I was in, and that there was no other human being there.

"Nor was there anything but silence.

"I wandered on, possessed of a terrible loneliness, on and on through eternal colonnades, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, desiring nothing. But it seemed to me a dreadful thing that Heaven, after all, should be empty.

"At length, after ages and ages of purposeless pilgrimage, I came upon a small marble seat set between two of the mighty marble pillars, and there I sat down, unutterably wearied.

* * * * * * *

"And presently it seemed to me that I felt something go by me—a tiny, quivering Thing searching for something. And I knew it for a Human Thought seeking its God.

"And again something stirred—a Thing without sound or substance, which touched me with its breath as it passed. And I knew it for a Sigh.

"And now in the infinite distance arose a very faint sound, which came nearer, yet gathered no volume as it came; and it floated past—a little sad Moan of Pain.

"And following after came other sounds . . . .

"I sat up, listening. For it seemed to me I knew all the sounds that were coming, and they were very pitiful. And they came first in straggling processions, and then in bands, and then in marching regiments, and at last in hosts.

"And they were all the Cries of the World.

* * * * * * *

"Shall I tell you some of the cries? They were all well familiar to me.

"There was the new-born infant's weak, spluttering wail. There was a maiden's sob at lover's infidelity. There was the sad, subdued weeping of widows at the graveside, and the lamentations of women who rock beside their dead.

"And maidens who had lost their virtue shrilled the one word 'Everlasting.'

"And harlots howled . . . an abominable sound that . . .

"And men came afterwards.

"They were grim sounds, these. Tearing sounds of agony, oaths hoarse and despairing, savage and scornful cries, shrieks ending on a curse. And beneath a dull, sullen muttering like thunder in the distance, and hissings like tears on hot iron.

"And lastly, the worst of all. Men, women, and children crying out on one note—a strengthless, toneless, famished cry, the cry of a hungry people.

"And the walls of Heaven shuddered.

* * *

"I covered my ears with my hands, but the sounds would not be shut out. They grew in volume, they multiplied in violence. I realised with a soul that trembled yet exulted that Pain had revolted against its Maker. Mankind was searching for its God.

"The air became filled with an indescribable tumult. The armies of sound charged down those vast white Halls and recoiled and charged again. They hurled themselves at the pillars and walls, and the foundations began to shake. Arose the low, throaty roar of men grown omnipotent with defiance. The Citadel was yielding. The Eternal was being dragged from its habitation.

"There followed a lull—a moment's brief, terrible silence; humanity's pent breath.

"Then followed a crash, appalling and terrific. The walls of Heaven fell down, the pillars tottered into ruins. Far away into the Infinite resounded the mighty reverberations.

"Slowly silence fell. . . . A faint, remote, long-drawn-out wail marked the annihilation of Sound.

"I looked about me and found that all was naught. I was solitary in Space."

Connell ceased speaking, but I knew better than to interrupt him.

He went on presently:

"That was not all. I heard a voice out of invisibility saying to me, 'Look up.'

"And looking up I saw a wonderful thing. The ether above me was radiant and the colour of gold, flashing with iridescent brilliance. And in the centre of the radiance was a blood-red Heart, set like a jewel, and the Heart was bleeding.

"I watched the drops of blood as steadily they fell, and I saw them fall upon the Earth afar off. And wherever they fell a dark spot upon the Earth was made white.

"And the pulsating sweet voice spoke out of invisibility again, saying:

"'I am Pain. Whosoever partakes of Pain partakes of Me. I am Incomprehensibility. I am Sorrow and Suffering. I am the Everlasting. Live in Love and Pity of one another.'

* * * * * * *

"I awoke, strangely comforted," said Connell.

THE HOBBY-RIDER.

SOME WORDS OF CAUTION.

Every man should take up a hobby of some sort or another. It is good for his body and his mind, for it takes his thoughts away from the cares and worries of the work that occupies him during the day. What he should avoid, however, is becoming selfish over his particular hobby.

Remember that although you may have spent the happiest hours of your life when fishing, this sport does not appeal to everyone else, and that while you are recounting your adventures and the wonderful catches you have made, you may be interesting your listener, but it is just as likely that he has never handled a rod in his life, and that you are hopelessly boring him with your enthusiasm.

The same with gardening. You may take your friend round your garden, and show him the result of your labours in that direction, and you can rest assured that up to that point he will be interested, for there are but few who do not admire the beauties of Nature. If, however, you yourself have experienced a delight in going somewhat deeper into the subject, do not insist on telling him the Latin or Greek name for every flower in the garden. You will only make him register a vow that never again will he inadvertently admire a friend's garden.

If you have a friend as enthusiastic over his particuliar hobby as you are yourself, you can discuss the matter to your mutual interest, but when in the company of a casual acquaintance avoid talking your pet subject to death, and give him a chance to introduce some of his interests into the conversation.

W. BAI[illegible]

HOW TO GET FRIENDS.

If you want friends, friends of the best kind, join THE MODERN MAN League of good fellowship and good sportsmanship. No subscription is demanded and no liability incurred by members.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin.....	1s
Gold-plated safety-pin.....	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain ...	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain.....	

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.

18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, strjking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westin[illegible] Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

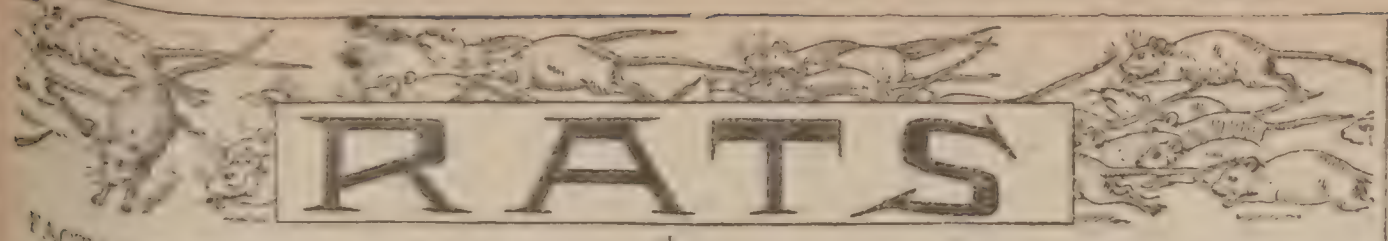
Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....



FACTS ABOUT ONE OF MAN'S WORST ENEMIES.

Everything in Nature is said to be of some use. The rat is no exception, for he is a scavenger, revelling in all kinds of filth, frequenting drains as if they were the most delightful kind of dwelling upon earth.

Should he confine himself to their region we would say little against his existence, but when it is his habit to pay visits to our larders between his sojournings in drain pipes, we know him for what he is—the most pestilential and foul creature that Great Britain has to endure.

Moreover, he is no respecter of property; he steals whatever he comes across: the farmer's grain, roots and potatoes; eggs from the hen-house, young ducks from the yard; the contents of pheasant and partridge nests, and the young of either kind of bird; he penetrates everywhere; he spoils all that he touches; he is the enemy of the agriculturist and game preserver, of mankind in general.

THE NEED FOR ACTION.

It is quite impossible to estimate the amount of general damage he is capable of in a year, but it is not too much to say that, were a reasonable amount of money expended each year in a combined attack upon rats, the sum thus spent would be returned a hundredfold. It is a little strange that a great nation should seem quite incapable of concerted action; party politics have spoilt us even in the matter of rat extermination our methods must depend on whether we are Tories or Radicals. Should either side propose it, the other would be bound to oppose. We suffer fools—and rats—sadly.

There are points about the rat which are not without interest. To one political party, at any rate, he must always remain sacred, for he is an early immigrant. For many years our forefathers existed happily in these islands without rats, and then came the black rat over the sea in ships.

BLACK AND BROWN.

The black rat is quite a gentleman, both in appearance and behaviour, compared with the brown rat. He is still to be found in certain ports like Yarmouth; but, for the rest, the brown rat also came sailing over the sea some four centuries later, and wiped his more aristocratic cousin almost off the face of the earth.

The rat, as we understand the name to-day, is the brown rat and nothing else. He still continues to pour into the country from ships, laden with fleas and sometimes with plague. Any comprehensive scheme for the wholesale destruction of rats would also have to embrace an annihilation of the rats on board each home-coming ship.

We have not yet done with British rats; there still remains the water-rat or vole. To a close observer the latter, with his short ears and snout, is easily distinguishable from the brown rat, not that the latter does not often take to the river and for a time live the life of the inoffensive vole.

THE VOLE.

The food of the last-named is practically confined to aquatic plants, his favourite being the roots of reeds. By some he is accused of devouring young fish. I question the charge very much. I have watched thousands of water-rats feeding and they certainly appeared to be entirely surface-feeders, and a water rat will take a meal for a long time without disappearing. In winter this rat will often go and play havoc in root fields, but is probably innocent of any more serious crimes.

Returning once more to the brown rat, it has yet to be decided how he manages to convey the food which he steals to some distant store place. Undoubtedly he does so, though he has never been caught in the act. Recollections of children's picture books bring to my mind a drawing of a rat lying on its back holding an egg in its four paws while another cunning old customer drew him along by his tail!

This, I think, is too good to be true, and it is far more probable that the rat rolls the egg along with the aid of snout and paws, though this process would certainly be a tedious one.

The breeding abilities of rabbits have often been commented on, but they are insignificant when compared with those of the rat. No self-respecting old matron of this species produces less than eight at a birth, and I have seen considerably larger lots; moreover, there are several litters in each year, and young rats very soon attain to the responsibilities of a family, though, of course, the early litters are less numerous than those of the full-grown rat.

A GREAT FIGHTER.

The brown rat, when cornered, is a plucky fighter; he will tackle man, dog, or ferret, and a rat's bite is a most unpleasant experience.

I have seen some enormous fellows killed in my time, the biggest was twenty-one inches from the tip of the tail to the tip of the snout. I had this rat set up and the work was very well done, but the terrier which killed him never took the slightest interest in him when he returned from the taxidermist. He was equally indifferent to another stuffed rat with a white face; this I had set up, partly because of this peculiarity, and partly because it bolted simultaneously with another and the terrier caught and killed the pair.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

It seems strange that certain variations of the brown rat can make quite passable pets; I have very pleasant recollections of two, one piebald and one white, which safely stored away in the pockets of my jacket helped to while away many a tedious hour of school work. They used to share my favours with a grass snake, but when I put away childish things, the first to go were the rats and snakes, and I have never wished them back.

Ever since then, the rat has been my natural enemy; I have pursued him in divers places, and once when staying in the neighbourhood of Smithfield market, I thought I would enliven the dullness of London by a treat for my terrier and myself. I entered, therefore, a butcher's shop and asked boldly if the owner had any rats. He looked me up and down for a moment, and then with a "No, thank Gawd!" went on with his work. His sentiment was one many wish they could echo.

ALAN R. HAIG-BROWN.

LONDON EXPERIENCE.

To a shopman London experience is of the greatest value, for in the big London shops he will learn the best methods of transacting business rapidly and systematically, and he will also come into contact with every type of customer. A shopman with London experience will always find it easier to get a job in the provinces than an applicant who lacks this recommendation.

On the other hand, there are certain trades and professions in which London experience is of small value. Too often in a large London office each man is but a unit in the business machine, and has only a certain type of work to do. He has no opportunity of learning the business as a whole.

In a small provincial business, on the contrary, he gets an opportunity of picking up a little of everything there is to be learned.

Those who contemplate coming to London for business experience should, therefore, consider well the particular conditions and requirements of their own trades or professions before they take this step.

A BOXER'S AILMENTS.

WHAT THEY ARE, AND HOW TO TEND THEM.

There is hardly any branch of violent sport which entails so great a variety of minor accidents as boxing; and, indeed, the man who goes in for it really hard—boxing, say, in one open competition after another—finds that it is productive of quite its fair share of more or less serious temporary ailments.

If you examine the bone of the average amateur boxer's forearm, pressing it hard here and there between your fingers, you will probably make him wince with pain. That is because the bone is tender, if, indeed, there are not actual contusions on it caused by his action in guarding heavy hits. The best way of dealing with this state of affairs is to rest the arm, and rub it gently every day with some good embrocation.

But it is far better to avoid the trouble—a very easy thing to do. The presence of that pain in the arm simply shows that the sufferer does not guard hits properly. He simply pushes his arm upwards, meeting the other man's on the bone. He should correctly turn his forearm outward at the same time, so as to take his adversary's blow on the fleshy part, thus sustaining no injury whatever.

Many a man will come out of a boxing contest with a badly inflamed eye, and will think no more about it until several days after, when almost excruciating pain and a continued watery discharge will send him post-haste to a doctor. But if he had looked after himself immediately after the fight the visit would not have been called for.

What has probably happened is this. His adversary has landed a "short" one—almost a "flick" of the glove—on his face and has turned one or more of his eyelashes inwards. The first thing to do in such a case is to wash the eye with a solution of boracic acid and then gently pass a finger between the upper and lower lashes, working from the nose outwards and smoothing each separate lash into its proper position. Then there will be no further trouble; but it will be as well to allay the initial inflammation by the daily application for the next two or three days of the boracic solution.

A very common ailment among boxers outside the actual "fancy" is a strained calf of the right leg. Here again rest and rubbing with embrocation, together with an occasional cold compress, is the best treatment; but as in the case of the bruised forearm the cause is an error of execution which is easily eradicated. Strained calf muscles are the direct result of a boxer moving about on the toes of his feet. Certainly he should not box flat-footed; but impetus should be given to his movements from the ball of the foot, and not from the toes.

If you don't close your thumbs well over the fingers in hitting you may easily wrench them backwards, and the only thing to do in such a case is to go to a doctor at once.

The thumb is of small assistance to the boxer, and certainly it lays him open to injury of a painful and serious kind.

Great care should therefore be taken to keep the thumbs close to the fingers, for if you do this you cannot injure them.

Always rub your [illegible] with some form of cold cream after [illegible] bout, for you are bound to have [illegible] of the skin scraped off in getting [illegible] being "guarded" yourself. The grease will make the skin grow strong and quickly again. Indeed, it is advisable to rub some wherever else you may [illegible] on your body, as the result of blows. If you don't, and you [illegible], you are bound to [illegible] discomfort.

R. H. HILTON.

LEAVING THE TOWN.

WHEN TOMMY ATKINS CHANGES QUARTERS.

Tommy Atkins isn't a dweller in towns—"a blighted civilian," as he more correctly puts it. He is a mover, a gentleman who loves change—and gets it.

A rumour goes through the town that the regiment is going to-morrow—no far-across-seas travel, but merely going on to Colchester. Small tradesmen with large outstanding accounts tremble in awful fear, demand to see even such great personages as the colonel, and are shot out by the corporal's guard.

On this last day the social element—the "majar," the captains, and those subalterns who are not kept hard at work—do the round of farewell calls with the utmost military gallantry. They are almost pathetic in their fierce gloominess till they get outside, when, bored to death by arduous and dangerous service in avoiding matrimonial ambushes, they thank Heaven they are out of this to-morrow.

But Tommy himself is more serious, and on this last night many a lad lingers long in the dark shadows outside the grim barrack gates, where can be heard the steady clank, clank, clank of a clockwork sentinel; and he vows strange vows, reckless vows, in the romantic light of the shining moon, and, bless his heart, for the time he means 'em, and is extraordinarily fierce about it.

But let that pass, as it does, with other hollow dreams, when night and darkness fall on the great barrack city. We've had a hard day, a busy day. Packing and clearing, sorting and inspecting, and often reprimanding, and—yes, the accompanying cursing.

The quartermaster is almost frantic in the endeavour to trace lost stores, and endless fatigues are the order of the day.

Not till "Lights Out" sounds is there a lull for a few brief hours, while we sleep for the last time in the old barracks that we have got to know so well.

With daybreak work begins again, and before six o'clock heavy Army wagons have already rattled away in the greyness of the miles of streets that surround us. In that light fog waiting figur.. can be seen.

One voice is broken and near weeping; but another comforting voice says gently, "Don't take on so, mother! They're on'y going eighty mile awa.., they're not emigrating to Canada!"

Going to Canada? Of course not; 'England could not spare them. Ask that proud young drummer what he thinks about the regiment: the finest, smartest, neatest, slickest, liveliest lot of boys under the sun. Here they come at last, and an early rising sun, doing special honour to the event, glints redly on many bayonets.

A long, low roll; a long quiver of silence, whilst fifty sticks hang keen and eager in the air; then down they come with a stirring crash on the tight skins, glorious to hear, and out rolls the grand thunder of the drums through the shrill, weird fighting music of the fifes.

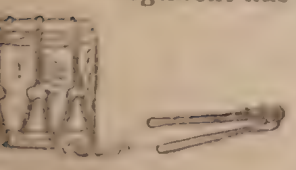
The tune they play is one that goes home to the heart of more than one as he steps bravely along with his rifle at the slope. It is "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Down the streets they go, rank after rank, and that tradesman who swore he'd see the colonel over a mere trifle of seventeen and fourpence doesn't move. He couldn't; he's stiff with admiration.

Slumbering streets awaken. Bedroom blinds go up. Sleepy heads peep curiously; sometimes a handkerchief flutters its signal to a gallant lover; and though it's always "Eyes front," still we real military strategists can see wonderfully well out of the corner of the eye, you know.

And with good-humoured chaff going through the ranks they slowly fade away till the music is a faint throb, the long column a blur of khaki. The regiment has left the town.

P. Hanson.



MY NOTEBOOK.

BEING A UNIT.

I have before me a rather interesting letter from a Dublin reader. He encloses a picture from an illustrated newspaper of a parade of Guards in front of the Queen Victoria Memorial, and described as a rehearsal of the unveiling ceremony.

"This picture," he says, "expresses my feelings better than I could do. Just look at all these men keeping step as if they were machines. They have lost all individuality, and are merely units in their company. A man was meant to be a man and not a machine, and the sooner you stop praising the Army and the Territorials the better."

It takes all sorts of people to make a world, and I daresay that there are others who share the views of this correspondent. I can only say that I do not share them myself, and I do not think that the majority of my readers do so.

There are few things more beautiful, in my opinion, than the movements of a body of well-trained soldiers, and on the few occasions when I encounter a body of troops, however small, marching through the streets of London, I stop and watch them, always with interest and sympathy, and usually with great admiration, for, being Regulars, they have attained a proficiency of rhythmic movement that the Territorial cannot hope for.

I should think that it is obvious from my correspondent's letter that he has never done any military work, for if he had he would know that in being a unit in such circumstances you lose none of your individuality, but become more conscious of it than ever.

Your aim and object is to do the thing as it ought to be done, and nothing would make you feel more ashamed than to find that you were out of step or out of line.

It is a very pleasant feeling to be really proud of yourself, and that feeling is experienced by every man who is riding or marching with other soldiers.

He is wearing the King's uniform. He is working side by side with the best chaps in the world. He is one of them, one of His Majesty's servants, and his opinion of himself is then, if at any time, at its best, and reasonably so.

TALKING TO A HORSE.

A Birmingham reader, whose hand is, judging from his letter, more accustomed to holding the reins than the pen, urges me to warn my readers against what he calls "the unhorsemanlike habit of talking to their horses." He points out that it is usually the novice who talks to his horse, and that the man of experience manages to get his horse to do what he wants without shouting at him.

To a certain extent my correspondent is quite right. A man who has to shout "whoa" to his horse when he wants him to stop, or who says "gee-up," or something else, when he wants him to go ahead, seems rather an amateurish hand at the game.

We cannot conceive, except in comic opera, a regiment of cavalry shouting "whoa" to their horses when they want them to stop. For my own part I should as soon think of saying "whoa" to a bicycle, but I can understand the reason why some men shout directions to their horses, and it is the one that my correspondent has hinted at—namely, incompetence.

At a recruits' ride I have seen some novices on horseback who might almost be excused for shouting to their horses to get ahead, for when the sergeant-major, acting wisely from experience, forbids recruits to wear spurs, what is a man to do to keep his place in the string, and to avoid having in front of him and his horse a yawning gap that will bring the sergeant-major's wh... round his horse's quarters, with the possible result of a sudden and ungraceful dismounting on the part of the rider?

The man who knows how to ride can use his heels and knees to effect in such circumstances, and can get the average horse to make the pace he wants, but the raw recruit, knowing nothing of these things, and anxious above everything else to keep up to the man in front of him, shouts at his horse, and thereby draws down upon his devoted head the maledictions of the sergeant-major.

It is all very funny to the older hand, but to the man who is learning horsemanship it is a serious matter indeed.

I fully agree with my correspondent that it looks very bad for a man to have to shout directions to his horse, but there are other things which you can say to a horse which cannot be classed as directions, and I am afraid that I must plead guilty to having said many things to my own horse that I would not have confided to any human being.

It is late at night, and the local public houses have long since disgorged their patrons. You are riding along at a walk, with the moon shining softly over the meadows, whitening the mist that lies upon them, and throwing the dark shadows of the trees across the road.

You are feeling pleased with yourself, and you tell your horse all about it. Possibly you initiate him into technical points of law and intricacies of business that it is quite absurd to expect a horse to understand, but he pricks up his ears and moves his crest in such a way as to inform you that you have his entire approval.

Presently you break into a trot, and you have other things to say to him. It is then that your plans and your ambitions are outlined in strange, disjointed sentences—sentences like: "We'll do it together, old chap!" and your horse throws up his head to signify his approval of the statement.

And when both of you are tired, and are turning home from a long spin, it is the same: "It isn't very far now, old man. Only a mile or so. And if you're tired, so am I. Stick at it." And again the ears prick back, and the road speeds more quickly beneath you.

A horse is an admirable confidant, for he never tells. If you are good to him and really know him, he seems to understand what you say, and his sympathy has something invigorating about it because of his tremendous physical strength. You feel strengthened yourself from the knowledge that a big, strong brute like this is genuinely fond of you.

Where we are concerned with the mechanical direction of a horse's movements I agree with my correspondent that we should not talk to him, but where we have the horse all by ourselves and in perfect sympathy, I must confess that I think talking to him is not only excusable but extremely comforting.

LEAGUE HAT-BANDS.

You will find on another page full particulars of the League hat-bands, which will be ready on the day following the publication of this number.

We have arranged for the production of these in response to many requests received from our League members, and I trust that the result will be entirely satisfactory.

The colours consist of three stripes of purple, yellow and blue, and the manufacturers have carried out the scheme with excellent taste. The price has been kept as low as is consistent with good stuff.

Your Editor.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

IS YOUR NAME HERE?

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN League. We should be obliged if members whose names and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or who have changed their address recently, would kindly inform us as soon as possible, in order that the roll may be kept up to date. An application form for membership, with full particulars of the badges issued, will be found on another page.

LONDON *(Continued).*

Soho.
O. E. LONGSHAW, 32, Soho Square.

Southall.
R. HERRINGTON, 95, Beaconsfield Road.
W. ROBERTS, 108, Beaconsfield Road.
H. G. SYMS, "Royston," Florence Road.

Southgate.
L. HAMBLING, The Green.

Southwark.
J. E. SANDERS, 24, Ontario Street.

Stamford Hill.
S. J. CHAPMAN, 32, Listria Park.
L. J. B. CHIBBETT, 16, Eastbourne Road.
H. CHURCHILL, 8, Stamford Grove West.

Stepney.
C. OWEN, 13, Alderney Road.
A. SAWYER, 22, Brenton Street.

Stoke Newington.
H. ALSTROM, 86, Lordship Park.
H. H. BALORY, 2, Burma Road, Green Lanes.
E. CLIFTON-PEARCE, 50, Norcott Road.
C. L. COOPER, 56, Foulden Road.
F. A. COOPER, 30, Sydney Road.
F. J. FAGAN, 28, Grazebrook Road.
L. D. GREEN, 10, Rectory Road.
F. MATTHEWS, 3, Wellington Road.
F. W. MOODY, 156, Green Lanes.
A. SISLEY, 60, Clissold Road.
T. H. SNEWIN, 50, Evering Road.
F. C. TOWNSEND, 79, Matthias Road.

Stockwell.
J. CRANMER, 7, Rose Cottages, Eastcott Street.
I. MARTYN, Ingram House, Stockwell Road.
R. S. TAYLOR, 16, St. Martin's Road.

Strand.
J. A. SHEPHERD, Westinghouse Building.

Stratford.
A. H. ANDREWS, 43, Chant Square, High Street.
C. BUTTON, 123, Henniker Road.
A. COLLYER, 23, Tavistock Road, Romford Road.
W. FINCH, 19, Shirley Road.
F. R. GAYTHORNE, 20, Eleanor Road.
W. C. HAWKINS, 44, Trevelyan Road.
T. E. HOOPER, 95, Vicarage Lane, Romford Road.
H. T. McEWEN, 21, Terrace Road.
A. E. RICE, 2, Etchingham Road.
E. W. WALLEDGE, 15, Abbey Lane.
W. WINTER, 46, Ash Road, Forest Lane.

Streatham.
G. W. COOPER, 13, Ellora Road.
S. W. FRASER, 160, Valley Road.
R. L. HILL, 209, Hallsbrook Road.
F. I. HIRST, 1, Fontaine Road.
D. TURNER, 68, Danbrook Road.
J. A. YATES, 76, Valley Road.

Strood Green.
BARRIDGE, 78, Victoria Road.
H. F. BROCKMAN, 17, Oxford Road.
H. C. DUNCAN, 72, Oakfield Road.
H. HARDWICK, 35, Florence Road.

Sydenham.
G. H. GODDARD, 145, Venner Road.
A. G. SMITH, Bank House.
R. W. WOOLLARD, 22, Peak Hill Gardens.

Tidal Basin.
C. T. SMITH, 5, St. Luke's Square.

Tooting (Upper).
R. W. PECK, 83, Beechcroft Road.
T. PECK, 83, Beechcroft Road.

Tottenham.
W. J. BAKER, "Lorimer Villa," Barenet Road.
M. M. BROWN, 28, Pelham Road, High Road.
S. DAVIS, 27, Ranelagh Road.
S. DORSET, 129, Antill Road.
B. FLEGG, 55, Mount Pleasant Road.
C. GOODALL, 79, Mount Pleasant Road.
S. GRAY, 23, Lawrence Road.
W. M. HARVEY, 16, Nelson Road.
S. HARDELL, 11, Stanley Grove, Love Lane.
F. MOWAT, 40, Grove Park Road.
C. PALMER, 33, Grafton Street.
A. ROBBINS, 7, St. Margaret's Road.

Tufnell Park.
W. COLE, 114, Huddleston Road.
C. B. GRAFTON, 112, Mercers Road.
H. T. LALE, Ventnor House, 29, Corinne Road.

Upton Park.
T. LAWFORD, 310, Queen's Road.
W. A. TREMELLEN, 37, Thorngrove Road.

Vauxhall.
J. BLACK[illegible], 53, Glyn Street.

Victoria Park.
A. [illegible]ri, 26, Chisenhale Road.

(To be continued.)

SPORTING STORIES

THE INCORRIGIBLE.

"Five shillings or two days," said the magistrate.

As the prisoner was leaving the dock he muttered some flowery things concerning magistrates in general and this one in particular, and the magistrate heard enough to justify his calling the prisoner back.

"You are now sentenced to seven days," he said, "without the option of a fine."

The prisoner leaned over the rail, and advised the magistrate to go to some place which the latter apparently did not care to visit, for he said, purpling up even to the back of his bald head:

"It will now be a month."

"Guv'nor," said the prisoner, "before I'm put away, would you mind telling me just one thing? Are you a beak, or are you a bloomin' auctioneer?"

LOVE.

"Been scrapping?" asked the first man.

"No," said the second.

"Then, how did you get that black eye? And how is it that your nose is all on one side, and that your right ear is about twice the size of the left?"

"Oh, that's only the result of a lovers' quarrel."

"Well, that beats me!" said the first man, who happened to be a confirmed bachelor. "You actually mean to tell me that your girl did that to you?"

"Certainly not," said the second man. "It was her old lover who did it to me."

INQUIRE AT THE CLUB.

The cat had eaten the canary. An informal and probably unjust court-martial was held by the lady of the house, and the fate of the cat was sealed.

When her husband returned from business that evening, she told him all about it, and half-an-hour later he was wending his way towards the canal with the cat, a sack and two bricks.

Four hours later the lady remarked to her next-door neighbour: "I don't know where my husband has got to. He was going to the canal to drown the cat."

"Don't worry about that," said her neighbour. "Cats take a long time to drown."

"But it can't be the cat that's keeping him," said the lady of the house, "because the cat came home about three hours ago."

THE "CHUCKER-OUT."

STORIES BY A COMMISSIONAIRE OF A WEST-END MUSIC-HALL.

To the average man who visits music-halls on his occasional nights-out, it would perhaps appear that the gorgeously uniformed stalwart who stands at the entrance and tears little pieces off the tickets that are handed to him has an almost ideally easy time.

But in this he would be wrong; for in the hours when there is no performance in progress the attendant, or, to give him his more colloquial appellation, the "chucker-out," has to turn his hand to all manner of strange jobs.

Possibly you have often wondered how it is that the luxurious velvet pile with which the more expensive parts of West-End halls are carpeted is kept so clean and free from dust. If you had looked in during the daytime and seen the "chucker-out" panting and perspiring with a heavy broom all over the stalls, foyer, and circles, you would understand. Sweeping music-hall carpets is a man's work—and a strong man's, too—for no woman would have the strength to do it.

A "chucker-out's" actual salary is small—often as little as a pound a week; in fact, I know of more than one hall where the door attendants are paid even less. But the tips that "chuckers-out" receive are often enough to bring their incomes up to as much as £200 or £250 a year.

Many are the amusing incidents that occur during a chucker-out's night's work.

I remember one Boat-Race night a youngster suddenly fell desperately in love with a pretty programme seller at the —— music-hall, where I was one of the "chuckers-out." But I suppose he felt a bit bashful; so he scribbled something on a card, and, slipping half a crown into my fellow-door-keeper's hand, asked him to give the note to the girl.

Imagine his surprise when my mate promptly returned the coin, and remarking "I'm sorry, sir; but you're in no fit condition to be here!" bundled the love-sick swain unceremoniously out of the theatre.

The youngster wasn't drunk. The truth was that the programme-girl was my mate's wife!

One of the funniest experiences that ever happened to me was when the Hon. Jack—the son of an impoverished Irish nobleman and a regular frequenter of my music-hall—drove up in a taxi with a lady and tipped me a sovereign for opening the door of the cab and helping them out. The funny part occurred when I was helping him on with his coat after the show, when he whispered: "I say, lend me that quid back till to-morrow, there's a good chap! I've just found I haven't got a bean!"

So I did—and promptly got it back next night with five shillings besides.

The qualifications for a "chucker-out" are chiefly great strength and size. I know one hall which will not engage men under six foot two and a proportionate breadth of chest. Old soldiers are generally given preference over other applicants, by reason of their better bearing.

Here is a true story in this connection. One night one of my mates was told to throw out an obstreperous old gentleman in the stalls; and he darted off to obey. But as soon as he saw his victim he started, drew himself up smartly to attention, saluted, and said:

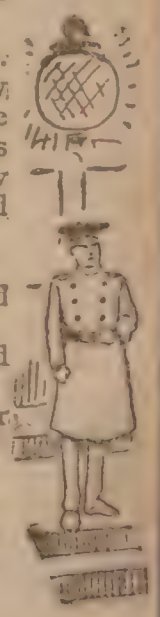
"*All present and correct, sir!*"

The old gentleman stared, and recognised my mate in his turn.

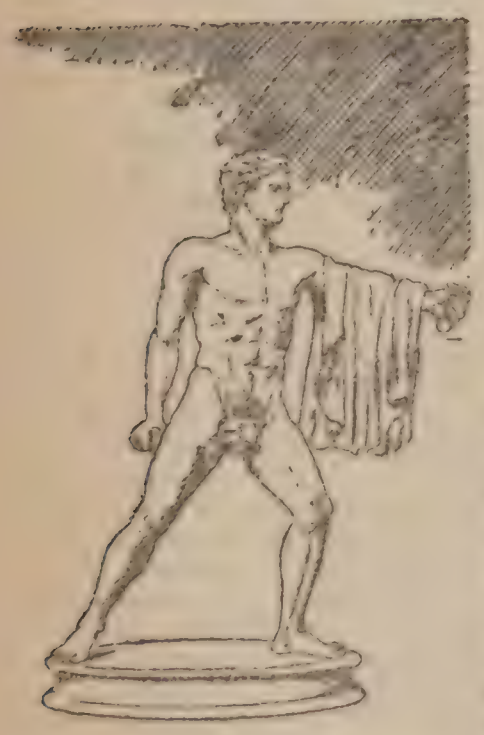
"Very good, sergeant," he said, and walked quietly out.

He was my mate's old commanding officer in the Afghan War.

E. C. M.



RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

PUTTING ON WEIGHT.

A LETTER. AND SOME PRACTICAL HINTS.

I receive many letters from readers of this page with reference to various matters connected with physical culture, and I am always happy to answer them as well as I can. There are three subjects, however, which are so frequently inquired about by my correspondents that I think it best to deal with each of them fully in the paper, a thing that it is impossible to do in the brief space of a letter.

The three subjects on which information is so frequently required are: how to put on weight, how to increase the height, and how to cure bow legs and knock knees.

This week I shall deal with the first of these subjects.

The best way will, I think, be to reproduce a letter I have received from a reader in the North of England. I shall endeavour to deal with the points he raises, as they appear to cover most aspects of the case.

ATHLETIC BUT LIGHT.

"For the past three years," he says, "I have had a standard weight of 9st. 5¾ lbs., which never seems to vary as much as half a pound, although several chaps who came here at the same time as I did have put on weight varying from 10 to 17 lbs. Now I should like to increase my weight as they do, and to that end I have tried often and long.

"I may say that I am a physical culturist of four or five years' standing, while the bulk of the chaps I speak of are just so-and-so. In the winter I go in for cross-country running, football, and gym. work, including wrestling and boxing, while in the summer I am training for races, rowing and cycling.

"As you will see, I am kept going all the time. I am supposed to be pretty decent at all or most of these items; hence my enjoyment of them.

"I am 23½ years old; height, 5ft. 4in.; weight with clothes on, 9st. 5¾lb.

"I got weighed on Saturday, and have lost 3lb., due to nothing apparent.

"Another thing which troubles me is that I never seem to get any better at running. I have been running for four years now, cross-country in the winter and track-racing in the summer from 100 yards to one mile.

"I go in for exercising those muscles which running calls into play, for many of which I have to thank our excellent paper and yourself.

A VEGETARIAN EXPERIMENT.

"One more point: I started on the vegetarian diet twelve months ago, with the express purpose of seeing whether it would improve my running ability, and thus far I have noticed no difference.

"I never take any liquid with my meals, except a glass of cold water afterwards. This has always been a habit with me.

"I shall value your advice or suggestions most highly on these, to me, interesting points, and it may point to something of general interest for other readers of THE MODERN MAN."

In the first place, I think it is worth while to note that this correspondent's height is 5ft. 4in., and his weight is 9st. 5¾lbs. For a man of that height his weight is by no means out of proportion. Some of the best-developed men I have come across have been short, but their development has been proportionate to their height, and they have not looked short. If this correspondent put on another stone or two in weight, he would probably look fat and podgy, and very short.

TAKING A REST.

Probably he would be best advised to leave his weight as it is, but there are others who have good reason to desire to increase their weight when it is abnormally low in proportion to their height.

He mentions that he has gone in a good deal for physical culture and other sports of various kinds, and the fact that he is keen on running and cycling is in itself enough to show you that he is by no means a heavy-weight. It is just possible, however, that he is overdoing athletics, and I must say that I have known many cases where men have put on weight tremendously after stopping athletics altogether for a period of a few weeks.

Exercise in most cases tends to increase the weight, but there are some people whose weight it does not increase, although it benefits their health, and these people generally fatten up wonderfully when they take a rest for a fairly prolonged period. That is a hint which may be useful to some.

WEIGHING MACHINES.

Another point which he mentions is that the last time he was weighed he found that he had lost 3lb. for no apparent reason. He does not say where he was weighed, and I should think that the inaccuracy of the machine probably explains the sudden loss of the 3lb.

The automatic weighing machines found in various places are generally accurate when they are first set up, but by rough treatment they become in time not strictly reliable, and it is possible to go from one machine to another of this type and to find that the weights recorded differ very considerably.

The man who is studying his weight should be careful to select a reliable machine for testing it.

This correspondent further states that he has been a vegetarian for a year and has observed no improvement. It is quite possible that his vegetarian diet accounts for his lack of increase in weight.

I believe that a man should eat plenty of vegetables, for they help to purify his blood and to keep the system clean; but I do not think it advisable for a man to exclude meat from his dietary.

THE VALUE OF WATER.

He further mentions that he drinks a glass of cold water after his meals. I do not think this is wise, for it washes the last part of the meal out of the stomach before it has had time to be prepared for digestion.

To drink a little water during the course of the meal is, in my opinion, better than to drink a glassful after it.

The man who desires to put on weight should drink as much water as he possibly can between meals. The tissue of the body consists very largely of water, and a plentiful supply of pure water tends to increase the weight.

The various hints and suggestions that I have given may prove helpful to those who desire to put on weight, but before you adopt them, I would strongly advise you to consider whether it is desirable for you to attempt to increase your present weight.

If you are tall and thin, by all means do your best to put on weight, but if you are short, as your correspondent appears to be, you will only spoil your appearance by adding bulk that you were not intended to have.

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Or, THE SECRET OF SIZE.

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FOUND OUT

A COUNTRY INCIDENT.

By M. BRUCE.

Not a soul in the parish had ever heard George Privett express any other opinion about "times" than that they were bad—bad, without a redeeming feature, without a gleam of hope for the future, without even so much as the memory of a few fat years to cheer him. People had come to regard farming, as represented by Privett's views, as a highly precarious method of existence, and a fairly certain way to lose one's all. Privett had impressed his view of farming on all the parish. He was the principal farmer in the place, farming a goodly number of acres. Along the roads of the district one often met long, creeping, big-wheeled wagons rumbling easily along, and in nine cases out of ten the name, if it could be read beneath the obliterating mud splashes, was: "George Privett, Hurst Farm."

In addition to being "our leading farmer," as the Vicar called him on public occasions, Privett was churchwarden, and therefore a fairly regular attendant at church. Certainly every Sunday morning found him in his pew, his sister beside him (he was a bachelor); and at the end of the service he would go round with the collection bag, offering it deferentially to each and all alike.

It never seemed to strike him as either ludicrous or pathetic, cruel or ridiculous, that he should hand it to his own labourers, evidently expecting them and their children to give to the "church expenses fund"—for which the collection was almost invariably taken—a fraction of the thirteen shillings which he had on the previous day paid them as the reward of their six days' work. Niceties of Feeling, however, were not a strong point with Privett. The only thing he ever seemed to feel, and to feel keenly and permanently, was the fact, or the allegation, that times were "very bad indeed," what with one thing and another and the weather.

These lean years were not reflected in Privett's personal appearance. He was a round, ruddy, broad, thick-limbed man, who apparently did himself well," though, as the village gossips were not slow in suggesting, it might be the dropsy as did make he so big."

Money and he were parted only with difficulty. He had all the British farmer's love for a bargain, and revelled in the numerous dodges between the early beating about the bush right up to the exchange of the pigs for the sovereigns. He never failed, however, to keep up the impression that times were bad and that he would scarcely be surprised if he had to sell up to-morrow and take a labourer's place.

One luxury he gave to himself every year. He was vice-president of the village cricket club, and custom had ordained that the subscription attaching to this honorary position was no less than one guinea. Privett took good care that it was no more.

Nevertheless, he made a virtue of necessity at the opening of every cricket season, and paid his guinea. At the same time he made it quite clear to the officials that it was a pain to do so, but that he was so fond of the game—or had been as a lad—that he would pay it though it were his last. So successful was he in this that a soft-hearted committee was almost tempted to accept half-a-guinea rather than have it on his conscience that he had brought Privett's bankruptcy within measurable distance.

It was a sultry August afternoon, with a distant thunderstorm rumbling away over the hills, that the whole village was thrown into a state of confusion, dismay, and excitement by a sinister rumour that something terrible had happened to George Privett. The people hardly dared mention the dread word, but their fears and vague misgivings were confirmed when they heard the tenor in the church tower begin to toll slowly. Privett was dead!

He was examining two horses he had just bought, so the story ran through the village, when one of them kicked out and struck Privett on the head when he was leaning down to look at the other.

For five days the village hardly knew whether it was on its head or its heels, but when its emotions had found vent in the excitement of a funeral suitable to the rank of the first farmer of the place, they began to settle down again into commonplace speculation as to what Miss Privett would do, and what the coming sale would realise. Perhaps they would have an opportunity, too, for judging the grounds on which poor old Privett had so consistently complained of the hardness of the times.

It was some weeks afterwards that an excited group of villagers was gathered in the parlour of the "Dog and Duck." The man in the centre of them all was reading slowly, almost laboriously, from the local paper which had that afternoon reached the village by carrier. The rest listened breathlessly as he read the following: "The estate of the late Mr. George Privett, who, it will be remembered, died as the result of a kick from a horse at Hurst Farm, has been sworn as of the gross value of £14,621. Probate has been granted to his sister, Miss Charlotte Privett, who, we understand, is shortly leaving Hurst Farm."

One of those present could just gasp out "The crafty old dog!" by way of comment; and the sentiment was echoed a little later in the hearts, if not on the lips, of every adult in the village.

OUR DREAM BOOK.

SOME MEANINGS EXPLAINED BY OUR SPECIALIST.

[A contemporary has lately been explaining for the benefit of its sapient readers the signification of different kinds of dreams, and as we decline to be outdone, even in idiocy, we are publishing some special "dream-meanings," compiled by our Tame Lunatic, for the edification of any people who may have eaten Welsh rarebits or lobster-salad before going to bed.]

If you dream of a pain in the ear, such as might be caused by a vicious bite, it is a sign that somebody is going to borrow money from you on the morrow.

* * *

If you dream that you are out shooting, and obtain a good "bag," it *may* mean that you are going to get the "sack."

* * *

If you dream that your employer calls you into his sanctum, presses a bonus of £500 on you, and makes you a partner in the firm, besides insisting on your espousing his beauteous daughter, it probably means that you have been reading some paper "For Nice Girls in the Home."

* * *

If you dream that you are plunging into the icy river to effect a daring rescue, the probable significance is that somebody has thrown a jug of water over you to make you get up.

* * *

If you even *dream* that there is a grain of sense in any of the foregoing it means that you require a change of air. Hanwell is *very* balmy.

F. HILLIER.

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CARK-HEEGAN

AN IMPROBABLE STORY.

By MAX MAY.

As it is always so difficult to remember exact names after one has toasted each one of the British Colonies (with a bumper for Canada at frequent intervals), I cannot say for certain that Carkheegan is precisely the name that the Man from Canada held up as an example of all that was wonderful in the Colonies. But it is near enough to enable me to set you on the right road, and that is entirely my idea.

Frankly, I never suspected that the man in the horrible suit came from Canada. He sneered at our homely gin and bitters, and kept on making vague whines to all the members of the ancient hostelry staff for such things as Schenectady Sherry Cobblers, Philadelphia Fit-ups, Manhattan Snake-Observers, and Baltimore Lamp post-Caressers. Moreover, he had a card on which it was stated that he was "George P." Something or other that sounded like Snacks. The landlord, like myself, was so certain that he was an American that he got out all his Staffordshire-manufactured 1644 mugs, with the "ye" and the final "e" in "olde" all complete, and was preparing to sell them to the stranger at fabulous prices by pointing out the fact that they were the last he had left. (It is awful to contemplate the aching voids that a badly-managed railway goods office can be made accountable for.)

But when that stranger turned to me, looked me up and down, and said: "I can see you're a fine young man, sir. Say, when are *you* going to stake out your hundred and sixty acres?" then we knew that he was of the Land of the Golden Grain, the Brightest Gem in the Imperial Crown. (For other particulars see small handbooks.)

I shook my head to imply that I was off acres altogether, and a man in the corner with a swollen face, who, by reason of the silk scarf he had knotted all round his head, could not hear very well, observed that the two he had got at the back of his jaw were enough for him, thank us! But the Man from Canada was not to be discouraged.

He told me that no one in Canada ever thought of walking about wearing threadbare suits. He paused to let his smack at British journalism (which my suit and myself represented) take effect. I pointed out that *we* did not think about it in England, either. We tried to forget it. I observed with delicate sarcasm that such things were not taken notice of in this country. You could wear anything without comment (I said) except shiny boots, and even then the only people who insulted you about it were shoeblacks who would say, "Shine, sir," every time you passed, until you got the offensive brilliancy off them.

It was the magic name of shoeblacks that started us off on Carkheegan. Carkheegan, although he had been (as "George P." kindly put it) a young man after my own style, was by no means original. It seemed to me that he had been a fearful dog in England. He had gone the pace, backed racehorses, ruined his family, wrecked his prospects, and taken tea with ladies who were all that musical comedy expected of them.

We drank to the Colonies, and the Man from Canada went on with his story of a wasted life.

The time came when presumably Carkheegan's bookmaker would not stand his betting on the nod any longer, when he had, after the manner of all such characters, put the last nail in his aged father's coffin, when his stern employer had finally refused to believe there was a fog on *his* line alone when even the rails of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway were scintillating in the sunlight. There came a morning when this young Carkheegan's breakfast consisted of nothing but the wing of a kipper and the glimpse of a piece of butter that melted in an ill-timed ray of English summer sun. It was then that a magnificent, characteristically Anglo-Saxon thought struck him. *He would have to do something!*

Having given this praiseworthy display of the young Englishman's grit under trying circumstances (and if *you* do not think they were trying circumstances you wait until an inopportune sun ray does in *your* butter-substitute), some masterstroke of policy was to be expected of young Carkheegan.

Having reached his climax, the Man from Canada, with the foresight of a "Daily Mail" feuilleton, toasted the Dominion.

England, "G. P." went on, was to Carkheegan naught but a closed book. It was not there that he would court Fortune. (Was this because Fortune never wears too many clothes and the English climate does not suit her classic-afternoons-at-the-Palace get-up?) No; he would off to some other land. Should he go to Australia? No; too dry in the drought season. Should he go to New Zealand? No; he couldn't stand mutton more than once a month, and then he only bore with it because the accompanying red-currant jelly appealed to his love of effective colour-schemes.

What about South Africa? Never having shot a member of any Boer family and taken shorthand notes of his last words, there was no social opening for him.

Thus, Carkheegan, with the singular blindness of all such characters, went over the entire two hemispheres in his mind, until he came to the most carmine spot on Mercator's Projection—the land whither all steamship lines lead, where every man who is tired of the old-fashioned methods of procedure in England goes—Canada. All he had to do now was to find the fare to get over, and the necessary on landing.

Fortune in an obliging manner made his aged aunt sit in a draughty corner at a Dorcas meeting, and that's how he got his fifty pounds. Straightway he went and booked—we toasted the Colonies again here—his passage to Canada (you know, the place where you can get a hundred and sixty acres for nothing). Don't get making mistakes about the locality!

Arrived there (it's a poor story of success that does not have its streak of bad luck in it), somehow or the other he could not go right. What with hotel accommodation and the storage for his trunks, he found himself in a fortnight broke to the world again—and he was a man who hated repeating himself. It was then he decided that *something must be done!*

I put those last four words in italics because I want to show you the class of man Carkheegan was, in case you are unconvinced by the Man from Canada's above-recorded observation, that he was after my style.

What he did was to obtain, at three months' credit, a set of blacking-brushes and the usual shoeblack's outfit.

Had he not done that my talking of shoeblacks would never have brought up the name of Carkheegan. And then he sat on his heels—a feat easily acquired after a little practice—and waited for custom.

As, however, everyone in Canada is particular to clean their own boots before going out, which is not the case in England, he, of course, sat there and starved.

Luckily, though, his pitch was in front of a bank. When he fainted from starvation they took him in there. How they saw he was a gentleman, how he cried brokenly on coming round that something would *have* to be done, how they gave him a position as clerk, and raised him within a fortnight to the Board of Directors—all this, I say, would, if I related it, qualify me as a present-day novelist.

So now you know the line. First of all, you must be a "dog" in England; you must back losers, and take tea with musical comedy girls. After that, have a scanty breakfast, get your money to die (but be sure it is the one with the money) and book your passage for Canada. Once arrived there, give away or get rid of your money and start shoeblacking, being careful to select a big bank to form the background. Start judiciously, faint carefully—and there you are!

LEAGUE COLOURS.

THESE MAY BE WORN ONLY BY MEMBERS OF THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

At the request of many readers, we have now concluded arrangements with Messrs. Gamage to supply bands for straw hats in the colours of THE MODERN MAN League—namely, blue, gold, and purple.

Messrs. Gamage expect to have the first delivery of these on May 23, and orders will be executed in strict rotation. We, therefore, advise those desirous of obtaining these hat-bands to write to Messrs. Gamage at once.

The hat-bands are made of a silk mixture, and are so arranged that they can be fixed in a moment to any size of hat.

The price is 1s. 4½d., post free.

Narrow ties in the club colours, suitable for tying into bow form, are supplied at 1s. 5½d.; wide-ended ties cost 2s. 5½d.; and mufflers 4s. 11d. All these are made of pure silk, and are sent post free.

Messrs. Gamage's address is Holborn, London, E.C.

"FORCING THINGS" AT BOXING.

There is, in nine cases out of ten, no greater error. If you see a man force the fight at the outset of a boxing contest you will be more often right than wrong in putting him down as lacking experience.

In the first place, the man who forces the fight is only tiring himself, unless, of course, he is immeasurably cleverer than his opponent and hits him at every attempt. Otherwise the other man has only to sidestep or move back, slip in an occasional counter, or what, in Jem Mace's case, used to be described as "masterly jabs at the face," and it will not be long before he has got the "rusher" tired and "set."

Despite the fact that Bombardier Wells is undoubtedly our finest professional heavyweight at the present time, all good judges agree that he is too prone to "force things."

This was disastrously demonstrated when he was beaten some time ago by Gunner Moir, whom he ought easily to have defeated.

It is regrettable, also, that so many newspapers should have lauded his "dashing Yorkshireman had only been a better boxer those tactics" against Hague, for if the tactics would have done Wells infinitely more harm than good.

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THE ONLY FOODS THAT DOGS NEED
Eradicate Worms, Make Fine Glossy Coats
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HOW TO MAKE HIM A REAL PAL.

It is best to get a dog as a puppy, preferably when it is just old enough to leave its mother. If you have it young you can bring it up in exactly the way you desire, a thing which you cannot do if you buy a grown dog.

The utmost care should be taken in the training of the puppy not to teach it any faults. Half the faults commonly found in dogs are due in the first instance to thoughtlessness on the part of their owner or members of his family.

A dog is always anxious to please and consequently to be praised and made much of, and if in his puppy days you teach him some mischievous trick and laugh at him for doing it, he will adopt that trick as a habit, because he thinks he is doing something you like him to do.

Take growling for eaxmple. It is very common to hear a person say to a tiny puppy when a footstep is heard on the pavement outside, "Speak to him!" and possibly the puppy, held in two hands, is launched forward threateningly towards the sound.

When the tiny mite learns that it has a voice of sorts, and barks in obedience to its owner's desire, a laugh is its reward. It knows that it is doing the right thing, and begins to growl whenever anyone passes the house. Hence we have the snarling objectionable dog which bays a challenge at every visitor.

TEACHING HIM WHAT'S WHAT.

A dog is anxious to please, and just as anxious to avoid giving you annoyance, and these two facts enable you, with care, to make him as intelligent as you wish. When he does something which displeases you, make your displeasure apparent to him by scolding him; in his puppyhood days, when his intelligence is less developed, it may be necessary to give him a smack with your hand.

A dog whip is a brutal and absolutely unnecessary thing where only one dog is kept. It may be necessary in the case of a pack of fox-hounds, but a dog that is properly brought up never requires a thrashing.

The writer admits having given his own dog two thrashings during the course of its life. On both occasions he used his cap for the purpose, and the reason was that the dog ran away with another dog and refused to come when whistled for.

The fault of disobedience was doubtless the owner's, as if the dog had been trained more carefully to answer the whistle in his youth, the annoyance would probably not have occurred.

I should be heartily ashamed of myself if any dog of mine cowered when I called him, and yet this is what happens in many cases, and one can have but small opinion of those who own a cowering dog.

A REAL WELCOME.

On the other hand, one of the most welcome things after the day's work is to hear your dog barking a welcome as soon as he catches the sound of your footstep.

This reminds me that if he is ill-bred, he will leap upon you and possibly spoil your clothes. Keep him off by holding your hand outwards, so that he can jump up to that and give it a lick of recognition.

With regard to a dog's amusements, something should be allowed for his individuality, and with a very little encouragement dogs will invent games for themselves. I know of one Pomeranian which will spend a quarter of an hour on end dashing round the lawn and jumping a small fence which protrudes at one corner, barking loudly, as Poms have a trick of doing. I know another dog—a bull-dog—which delights in climbing an ordinary set of household steps whenever he finds them set up in the garden.

The great secret of enjoying a dog's companionship is to give him credit for some of the finer feelings, and, if one may be excused the sacrilege of the expression, to study your dog in something of the way that a good mother studies her child.

W. BENSTEAD.

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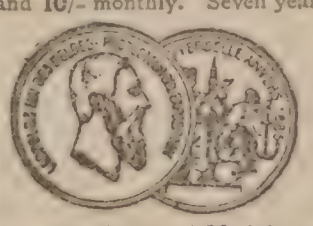

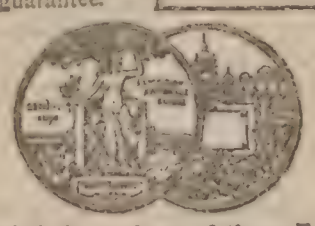

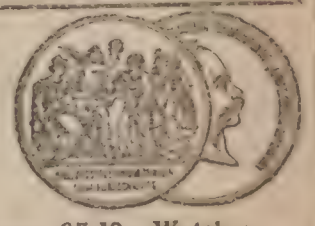

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Think of it! Half-a-million sterling has gone into the pockets of clients as the result of our advices. And of still greater moment to you is the fact that at this time of writing thousands of men and women throughout the country are making larger amounts than ever by our unique system, the success of which is phenomenal.

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£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
5	10	0	55	0	0	50	0	0	40	15	0	50	0	0
55	10	0	73	15	0	50	0	0	31	5	0	50	0	0
39	2	6	106	5	0	75	0	0	18	10	0	19	7	6
49	17	6	59	6	0	68	2	6	55	10	6	22	10	0
52	10	0	10	0	0	£243	2	6	40	4	6	35	0	0
39	15	0	48	15	0				£186	5	0	30	0	0
10	0	0	47	10	0	J.A.						25	0	0
25	10	0	71	14	0	£	s.	d.	A.S.			£231	17	6
15	12	6	13	15	0	65	0	0	£	s.	d.			
40	6	3	90	0	0	12	0	0	53	7	6	A.L.P.		
38	0	0				61	18	9	29	5	0	£	s.	d.
17	10	0				46	10	0	10	19	0	24	17	0
						46	1	0	50	0	0	18	5	0
												20	11	0
£389	3	9	£576	0	0	£231	9	9	£143	11	6	£63	13	0

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When you consider that a large number of our clients start with only a few pounds you will realise the fact that equal Golden Opportunities open up to you here and now.

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The National Share Exchange, Gt. Winchester Street, London, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," which is a clear explanation of how the above sums were made.

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

ON GROOVES.

Grooves are very nice things in their proper place. They can be quite ornamental when they are executed by the architect or the carpenter.

But it is with the metaphorical groove that I propose to deal here, and that is an objectionable, a soul-killing thing. Modern business is founded on a network of grooves in which the lesser men move steadily to and fro, crossing other men in other grooves at regular intervals, but always continuing in their own little groove when the meeting is past.

Here and there are the big men, the successful men, who have the initiative and strength of purpose to disregard the grooves—to step over them and make use of the broad, untrodden spaces in between. They use the grooves when they provide the shortest route to their end, but when they cease to be useful they depart from the orthodox lines and strike out a path of their own.

But although the man who is content to move in a groove is not likely to achieve [illegible] as the world regards it, I do not [illegible] to say that he should disregard the recognised methods of his business. System is valuable, but where the existing system can be improved on it is obviously advisable to improve on it. The business man whose motto is "Whatever is is best" is not likely to go far.

[illegible] who moves in a groove has no [illegible] of seeing over the edges of it and learning what is going on in the world around him at first hand. He must rely on the newspapers, which he can read as he moves slowly along, and even then it will probably be the same newspaper every day.

He gives himself no chance of extending his experience or of getting new ideas.

The engine-driver who spends his day driving a train to and fro on a little single branch line may have an easier and less trying job than the man who drives a great express engine from end to end of the country, and occasionally pilots a special; but there is no comparison between their respective positions and their pay. One is at the top of the tree, the other is very near the bottom. One has proved himself worthy to be entrusted with responsibility; the other is known as a man who is all right so long as too much is not asked of him, but who works better in a groove than out of it.

There are many engine-drivers on branch lines in business to-day—clerks who will remain clerks to the end of their lives, employees who are never likely to become employers, subordinates who will never really exercise authority.

It is true that somebody must drive the branch-line trains. We cannot all expect to drive expresses. But we may yet have the [illegible] to do so, and, to take the simile a little further, we may regard the branch-line [illegible] as an excellent opportunity to make ourselves so perfect in the merely mechanical part of driving an engine, that when we get on to the main line we may have a complete mastery over it.

S. T. YOUNG.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

THE RAILWAY MARKET.

At the time of writing prices on the Stock Exchange look like hardening up all round, and those of my readers who have been caught in the recent slump in Home Rails have an excellent opportunity to average.

The Board of Trade returns for April showed a decrease in imports and caused a further set-back in prices in the railway market; but the decrease is easily explained, and I do not think there is any radical change in the country's trade improvement which has been in evidence for some considerable time.

Home Rails are, in my opinion, an excellent purchase at present on a five-point margin.

RUBBER.

Rubber shares at present prices offer excellent returns to the investor.

The Way-Halim first annual meeting ought to be held shortly, and the shares at the present price of 1s. to 1s. 1½d. are, in my opinion, remarkably cheap.

The estate is being developed vigorously, and the first year's results ought to be satisfactory, notwithstanding the fact that the tapping was stopped for the last three months of 1910, owing to the death of a European assistant, as the manager would not allow the unskilled labourers to touch the tree with the knife.

OIL.

Oil shares are also good to buy, especially good Galicians. The Maikop field is producing oil in good quantities, but only time will prove whether the production will continue, whereas the Tustanowice Oil Field in Galicia has three proved oil zones yielding immense quantities of oil.

The Premier Oil and Pipe Line shares are a little harder, and offer an excellent investment, as the wells belonging to the company are producing a large quantity of oil.

The Mexican Eagle Oil Company's shares would stand at a very different price from 33s. if the troubles in Mexico were over.

South African and West African mines show a general decrease in price, and one cannot expect anything else when sound oil and rubber-producing companies' shares can be bought to yield ten to fifteen per cent. per annum.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. R. (Chepstow).—I do not advise the investment; there is too much risk, and the return is very small in comparison.

"SLIC. (Dublin).—Your selection is a good one. I should advise No. 3 for the largest investment.

J. B. (Slough).—The concern you mention does not come up to my idea of a sound concern, and unless you have good inside information I should advise your looking further afield.

K. R. (Hoddesdon).—I am afraid you will have to be content to play a waiting game, but there seems to be a fair chance of your coming out all right at the finish.

L. V. (Sunderland).—Nos. 1, 4 and 6 are the pick of your basket. Sell the others at any small profit.

G. D. (Nelson).—Thanks, we are doing very well. Your efforts greatly appreciated.

D. A. (Colne).—You may keep all your holdings for higher prices.

O. W. (Wolverhampton).—The delay is very annoying, but your broker cannot do more than he is doing in the matter; there is frequently a difficulty in obtaining delivery in stocks not freely dealt in.

F. C. (Dublin).—You had better send full particulars to your broker and ask him to communicate with you as soon as he can obtain a bid.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

ATHLETIC "POINTERS."

Before leaving your dressing-room for a race put your shoes on; but leave them unlaced. Walk in this way to the starting-point, and tie them up at the last moment.

* * *

During a fairly long walk or run carry a pair of corks. The action of gripping one of these in each hand greatly increases your will-power and endurance.

* * *

The correct measurement for running corks is about one and a quarter inches in diameter and about as long as your hand is broad.

* * *

A long-distance runner should always smear his arm-pits with pure yellow soap or Russian tallow, for this will diminish the friction which is caused by the easy arm-action which every good runner should possess.

* * *

A jumper will often sprain some leg muscle. But don't make the mistake of putting it at once in cold water. This is an excellent strengthener once the inflammation has gone down; but until then, the treatment to be adopted is the continual application of *hot* fomentations.

MOLASSINE.

The Molassine Company, Ltd., whose well-known dog foods are so deservedly popular among canine lovers, have struck a happy and up-to-date note in connection with their exhibit at the Festival of Empire at the Crystal Palace.

They have decided to contribute to King Edward's Hospital Fund 5 per cent. of the amount they receive for all goods sold for prompt delivery during the Exhibition.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE.
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Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.
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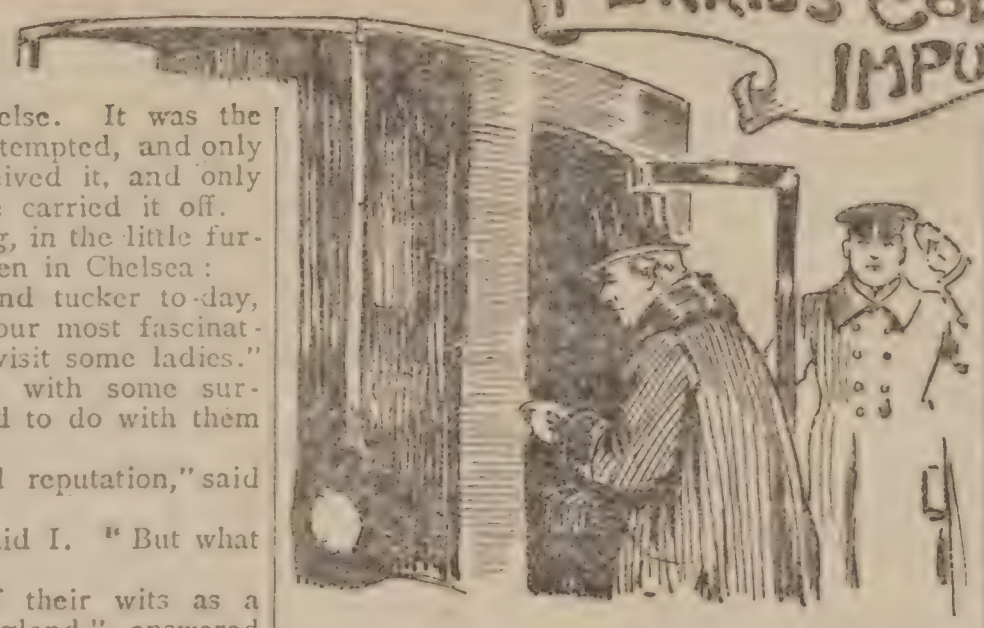
A FURTHER ADVENTURE OF THE KING OF KNAVES.

FERRIS'S COLOSSAL IMPUDENCE

By E. WADE LANG.



I can't call it anything else. It was the biggest thing Ferris ever attempted, and only his genius could have conceived it, and only his illimitable audacity have carried it off.

He said to me one morning, in the little furnished flat we had lately taken in Chelsea:

"Put on your best bib and tucker to-day, old Irishman, and with it your most fascinating smile. We're going to visit some ladies."

"What ladies?" said I, with some surprise, for it was little we had to do with them in those days.

"Ladies of character and reputation," said Ferris.

"All of them are that," said I. "But what for?"

"To startle them out of their wits as a preliminary to startling England," answered Ferris unconcernedly.

"What's the scheme?" said I, leaning forward with awakening interest.

"Merely an idea at present, old Irishman. I thought of pinching the Prime Minister."

"Pinching the Prime Minister!" I ejaculated, staring at him in incredulous amazement.

"Well, running away with him. Abducting him. He must be an exceedingly valuable property if one only handles him rightly. No doubt numerous people would plank down handsomely for the possession of such a *rara avis*."

"What on earth are you talking about?" said I.

He went on, unheeding:

"I have come to the conclusion that we are wasting ourselves on the desert air by confining ourselves to plundering. What are banknotes and jewellery when compared with a Personage? What is the whole wealth of the Bank of England to a real, live Premier? We really ought to be ashamed of ourselves, Burke, for so long being enslaved to custom. Let us be original—or perish in the attempt!"

"I wish you wouldn't talk so preposterously," said I.

"I am thoroughly in earnest," said Ferris.

And, abruptly looking at him, I perceived he spoke the truth. The blue, ironic eyes had the steely gleam of determination.

"But this is nonsense," I began weakly. "You can't . . . . "

"You will see," said Ferris, and he stood up. "Get yourself ready to start," said he. "Our first interview is with the ladies, and the appointment is at twelve."

Before I could question him further he had passed into his bedroom; and even when we were in a taxi proceeding Westwards he refused to disclose further information. His reticence was inveterate, incurable.

It was outside a block of residential mansions in Baker Street that the cab eventually stopped. Ferris, discharging it, said to me as we were approaching the entrance-hall:

"Mrs. and Miss Surcise live here—the famous pair who founded the Franchise for Women Federation. They are expecting us. I wrote to say that their cause was dear to us as our very life's breath, and that we had a proposition to put before them which might materially assist them to realise their avowed ambition.

"But for heaven's sake tell me something more," I whispered, as he continued at an unfaltering pace up the stairs. "What is our rôle? Who *are* we? Don't take me blindly into an unconceived situation."

He nipped my arm, with a little twist of humour about his lips.

"You're yourself," said he. "Mr. Burke, Irishman, and gentleman of fortune. And I—I am Joseph Brown, also a gentleman of fortune. And our wits must do the rest."

"Great saints!" I said, in a perspiration. "Is that all I'm going to know?"

"I don't know any more myself," said Ferris, debonairly.

I could have groaned. His confidence at times was an ordeal.

He halted at a door and pressed an electric bell.

A neat-looking maidservant answered the summons.

"Mr. Joseph Brown and his friend," said Ferris pleasantly.

We were ushered into an artistically untidy sitting-room, furnished cosily, with books and periodicals flying about in profusion.

In another moment the door was pushed open and a slight, pale, elderly woman, with silvery hair and an extraordinarily youthful expression, came in, followed by a younger woman, tall and grave, with quick, intelligent grey eyes, carelessly arranged brown hair, and the brow of a student.

The foremost lady, Mrs. Surcise, advanced alertly with an extended hand.

"I don't know you from Adam," she said. "I only hope you will avoid wasting my time."

"I am anxious only to be of service," said Ferris.

He shook hands with Miss Surcise, and I observed a steady, appraising gaze between them, as of two personalities instinctively measuring strengths.

Then when I had been received with a correspondingly friendly clasp we sat down, and a rapid, easy conversation ensued between the older woman and Ferris.

I cannot convey the artistry of Ferris's manner.

He had subtly admitted, before the conversation had been many minutes in progress, that his motive in writing them was one of self-interest, and that our object in visiting them was gain.

He had the knack of giving an impression of rascality without sacrificing caste or trustworthiness. He was a gentleman of fortune with very delicate shades of honour.

The very audacity of an enterprise was its charm. Any merry devilment appealed to him, providing it did not fall foul of his principles.

And it was noteworthy that those two ladies understood his innuendoes perfectly.

He told them candidly that he did not believe that the cause of Woman's Suffrage was to be won except by some lawless *coup*, and he suggested the abduction of the Prime Minister as a regrettable though effective step.

"We have often thought of it," confessed Mrs. Surcise, adding, with a sort of bright ruefulness, "only we could not see how it could be done."

"Then I need not elaborate its advantages," smiled Ferris. "With the Premier a prisoner in your hands you could doubtless persuade him to agree to your reasonable demands. He would probably prove obdurate to begin with, but if his [illegible] of freedom promised to be of indefinite duration——"

He indicated the rest by a slight shrug of the shoulders, and glanced at each lady in turn. From his air of amused inconsequence it was difficult to decide if he was serious.

Miss Surcise, who had been listening with still-eyed interest, now clasped her hands round a knee and discharged a clear, sensible question.

"Where are we to put him when we've got him?" she said.

"That I must leave to you," said Ferris. "No doubt you could find a suitable and safe place."

She thought for a few moments.

"Yes, I could manage that," she [illegible]

"When do you think you could——"

"Collar him?" said Ferris. "Well, I should require a fortnight for preparation, and probably a month after that. You would no doubt arrange to receive him any time during that month."

"And how shall you go about it?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Does that mean you don't know."

"It means I would rather not."

They smiled with pleasant understanding. Miss Surcise looked at her mother.

"It is a fascinating proposal," said Miss Surcise, with a sort of gracious [illegible] "but, of course, we could not consent to [illegible] anything to do with it."

"I had omitted to mention," said Ferris, "that you will have nothing to do with it in any case—not officially speaking. Nor will the Franchise for Women Federation. If we fail in our endeavours matters will be just as they are now. If we succeed, the Right Honourable Andrew Mellisham will have let it be known that he was captured and held captive by women. He will have been spending a brief time in bed—gout or a chill, or something of the kind.

"No doubt when he has capitulated on the Vote question you will extract from him a promise to do this—granting the remote possibility that it is necessary.

"He will mysteriously disappear. No [illegible] will know where he is. I shall arrange [illegible] there is no publicity—for a few days at [illegible] —so that he may have a chance of giving in without loss of dignity; and, as he is a man of a particular nicety of honour, I think you may safely take his word if he *does* give in."

"Do you suggest," interposed Mrs. Surcise pleasantly, "that we should use torture if he doesn't?"

"I leave that to your discretion. Probably a mild application of rack or thumbscrew——"

They laughed, and Miss Surcise spoke.

"You have not yet said," she observed, "what expense this service would put us to."

"Five thousand pounds in cash on our delivering the Prime Minister to you, safe and in good condition."

"Sounds like goods," murmured Mrs. Surcise, with a happy expression.

"And nothing if we fail," added Ferris, looking at Miss Surcise.

"And your responsibility ends there?" she questioned.

"It ends there."

"And you will preserve the [illegible] secrecy?"

"The strictest. My friend as myself."

She studied me, and I had a strange feeling that her one great deficiency was lack of understanding of men.

"Mother," she said, turning to her, "shall we agree? There is little to be lost by it and everything to be gained."

"It is a large sum of money," said her father, reflecting, "and there are others to consider, you know."

"But you hold the funds," answered her daughter, impatiently. "And it would never do to let anyone know . . . until after. Perhaps not even then."

I considered these latter remarks illuminating.

In a few minutes we were in the street again, the undertaking given, and six weeks before us in which to abduct the Prime Minister of England.

* * * * * * *

In Ferris's Parliamentary days, and when he was an ornament of society, he had been intimate with the Right Honourable Mr. Mellish. Therefore he knew a good deal about

It was at ten one evening that we turned into a street in Westminster where was the garage in which the Premier's motor-cars were housed. There are not many lights in this street.

Ferris had a key of the door, and, waiting for opportunity, we effected a silent entrance, locking the door after us.

There in the dark, not speaking, we remained for nearly two hours. The Premier was dining with the French Ambassador; he was to be fetched by the chauffeur at twelve. Ferris had ascertained this by means I did not inquire into.

It was a quarter to twelve when we heard the key in the lock; less than five minutes later the chauffeur was chloroformed and secured for several hours. I appropriated his driving-coat and peaked cap.

It was I who drove the closed car to the French Ambassador's house; Ferris was invisible inside.

A quarter to one had struck before the Premier came out of the Ambassador's house.

"Home," was the one word he said to me, without hardly a glance. And immediately he was in we were off.

I heard no sound from inside—sure sign that Ferris was doing his work well. It was not till we two when we reached the Surrey village of Farnstead.

The house we had been instructed to drive to stood well back from the road; an old Queen Anne Place, almost entirely surrounded with trees. It was Miss Surcise herself who opened the door. She looked bright-eyed and excited.

The Premier was half supported, half carried, into the Premier to an upper, comfortably furnished room. There were two small windows, but a great height from the ground. Ferris looked round, and I saw a faint smile touch his lips.

"They'll never hold him," he muttered to me when about to enter the car again. The five thousand had been faithfully paid over.

I ought to have been elated at our simply-won success, but my sensations were far different. We were returning to London at forty miles an hour. The car was to be restored to its proper place. I could not understand Ferris desiring to run such a risk, for it seemed to me unnecessary. The chauffeur, though he was, might have recovered and managed to shout; anything might happen.

At Croydon I pulled up the car to avoid any protestations.

"It is simply because the poor devil is ignorant that I'm going back to release him," Ferris said. "We can't leave him tied up all night."

Ferris was incongruously merciful sometimes.

"Well, if we're nabbed don't blame me," I snorted ungraciously, and returned to my wheel.

It was grey of dawn when we arrived home. Later in the morning Ferris showed me, with a characteristically satirical smile, a letter addressed to Scotland Yard acquainting them with the news that the "King of Knaves" had appropriated the Prime Minister and would keep him in enforced idleness for a few days, taking very great care of him.

He recommended for the Prime Minister's sake that no public announcement of the disappearance should be made, and requested Scotland Yard to convey to the family his sincere regret that he should cause them temporary anxiety.

That was the day when vague and sinister rumours were flying about that the Premier had met with foul play—rumours which received official contradiction in the evening. Scotland Yard was exerting its every nerve, first of all to test the truth or otherwise of the "King of Knaves's" statements.

It was the spoiling of a delightful situation that Surcise *mère et fille*, taking fright at their temerity, and weakened by the unmanageable character of their hostage (we heard about his tantrums afterwards), should have accepted his assurance to preserve secrecy and allowed their prisoner to depart.

He proclaimed in an early speech his implacable opposition to the Votes for Women question whensoever and howsoever it might arise.

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—EDITOR.]

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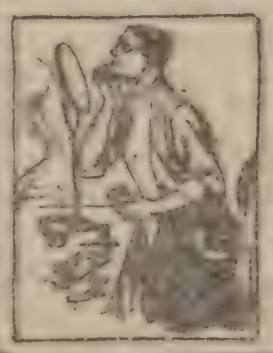

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THE CATCHPENNY SHOW.

AN AMUSEMENT WE MIGHT DO WITHOUT.

To-day is the day of the amusement boom—picture palaces shooting up all over the country; a rink at every street corner; variety halls in every over-grown village, termed "the coming city" by its optimistic inhabitants.

All these are well and good—the writer can speak comfortably, as he is not a shareholder.

But there is a certain amusement hall, a place of glaring lights, of gaudy-uniformed attendants, an American invention that we might well do without.

There are seemingly endless rows of machines. On some of them you can play an automatic football or cricket match. On others you urge a racehorse to victory or defeat by frantically turning a little handle. On others again you may try your muscles—"Moderate strength rings the bell, great strength returns the penny." The writer must be inordinately strong, for one machine returned him twopence.

These places go by many names, but probably the juvenile patron's name is the fittest. He says "Let's go to t' Penny Cop!"

That's what it is. Long-legged, rather dirty youths, of that doubtful age that makes Robert blink when he sees them smoking their cheap fags, congregate here in dozens.

"Ah! Bill's put a penny in!" A rush for the machine, where Bill, delirious with unholy joy is slowly turning a handle, and looking at a series of pictures not particularly adapted to the youthful mind.

"What's it like?"

"Let's have a squint!" And the surging mob of hobbledehoys push so hard as almost to push Bill out of his penn'orth. Small girls, who might be at home or at a night-school learning something useful—for goodness knows they'll want it later when they come to marry such as we see here—stand by and giggle.

Then click! that show is over. Never mind, here are a hundred other machines! The American organ rolls merrily on. You walk round and see the seductive titles over each machine, which surely don't come up to expectation, else where are the police?

The police here is the gold-braid-bedecked attendant; and very watchful is he—oh, yes, very—to see they put real pennies in and not lead counters.

"Do the youngsters spend much money here?" he repeats, ceasing a light conversation with a lady in paint and faded feathers, and bending graciously to the writer. "This shop is a little mint, especially on Saturdays. Saturdays, you know, such-like as errand-boys, shop-boys, office-boys, and so on get their pay, and they have a little way of making it more exciting. A gang of them will do the round and toss up at each pennyworth as to who stands the gaff."

"What type of pennyworth do they like best?"

He winked with a coarse laugh.

"You know," he said, as he turned away.

And the youth who is wearing ventilation holes in his trousers because of father's inability to pick a winner is well catered for. His matured judgment will not lead him astray.

Why, almost every other novelty is a game of chance or a trial of skill, as the proprietors imaginatively put it. If you win, your money is returned.

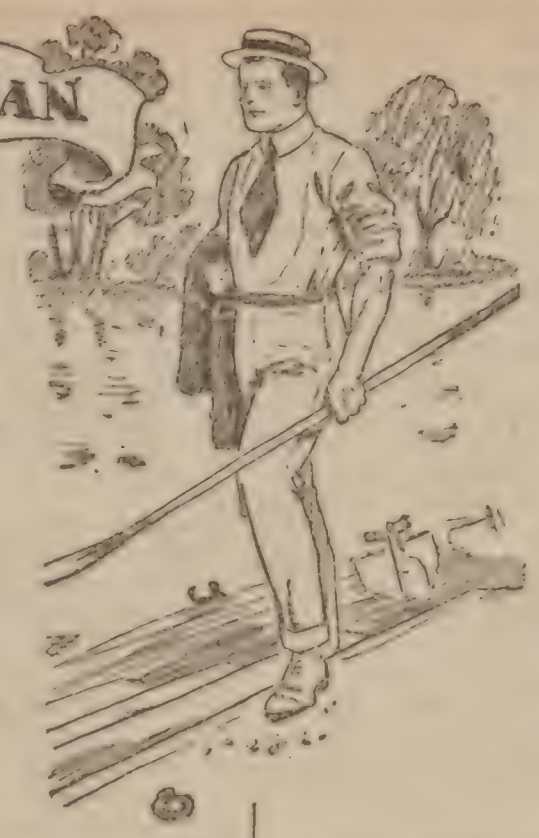
But when a voice said, "Bet yer a tanner Jimmy wins!" quicker than lightning the owner was dropped on.

"You young hound! How dare you make bets on these premises. Off it? D'ye hear?" And as the lad slunk away the attendant glowered round threateningly. "We'll have no betting here."

The writer was much impressed with the purity of his motives, till it suddenly struck him that money changing hands in bets wasn't doing the machines—that is, the firm—any good.

P. B. HALES.

THE OUTER MAN



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

VEST-SLIPS.

With the advent of summer there will probably be a great advance in popularity of the white vest-slip among those whose business necessitates their wearing dark clothes.

As I have observed before, the white-linen waistcoat slip adds a finish to the appearance of an otherwise well-dressed man, though it merely shows up the shabbiness of clothes that are past their prime. It must be lived up to.

Most men make the mistake of buying their vest-slips ready-made from an outfitter or hosier without regard to the cut of the waistcoat with which they are to be worn.

This *may* prove satisfactory if you are lucky, but in nine cases out of ten it does not.

The only sensible plan is to have your vest-slip cut by the tailor who is making the waistcoat, and thus you can ensure its lines being the same as those of the opening of the waistcoat.

A slip that does not show an even amount of linen all round is worse than useless. When you see a man on whom this little bit of ornament looks just right, it is probably not merely because he has put it on properly, but because he has taken the trouble to have the slip cut according to his waistcoat.

LAST YEAR'S STRAW HAT.

The change of fashion to which I referred last week has made it difficult for many men to make last year's straw hat do duty for another year. The narrow brim which was in vogue last year has not, of course, completely died out, but it is no longer as fashionable as it was.

Even last year the width of brim generally worn showed an increase on that of 1909, but still one saw few hats with brims wider than two inches.

This year anything between two and three inches is fashionable, while the height of the crown is slightly decreased.

But undoubtedly there will be a sufficiently large number of comparatively narrow-brimmed hats worn to make it possible to wear last year's hat without its being conspicuous.

It may require cleaning, however, and will probably look better if the ribbon is taken off and turned.

Various preparations are sold for cleaning straw hats, but there is nothing to beat salts of lemon. A good scrubbing with soap and water is often all that is necessary.

BELTS.

One of the advantages of the flannel suit is that one can discard braces and wear a belt, which gives a freedom to the upper part of the body that is very pleasant in hot weather.

A belt is not sufficient support for heavy tweed trousers, but properly-cut flannels rarely require any support at all, so that a belt is quite sufficient safeguard.

When buying a belt it is well worth while spending a little extra on getting one that is fitted with rings at each side. These form a kind of joint which gives far greater freedom to the body, and may help to prevent the chafing that may be caused by a belt that is all in one piece.

The rings have an additional use, although their primary purpose is that mentioned above. They can be used for fixing the end of a key chain which would otherwise have been fastened to a brace button, or they may be useful to support a heavy knife.

The man who is in the habit of carrying a "pantechnicon" sort of knife containing a whole armoury of tools, may well carry it in his pocket during the winter when he is wearing a thick suit and underclothes, but in the summer he is apt to get very tired of its banging against and chafing his thigh, so that it is a great advantage to be able to fix a swivel to the ring of it and suspend it from his belt, where it will hang hidden by his coat, but always ready to hand.

SILK LININGS.

The expensive tailor often has a playful way of beguiling you into ordering a silk lining for your new overcoat or your morning or evening-dress coat.

It sounds very nice and very fashionable, but it is also very costly, and it is difficult to discover the precise advantage of a silk lining over one of those materials which are now made with a very similar appearance at a fraction of the price.

Silk linings are really no stronger, and when once they do begin to show signs of wear a rent very soon assumes alarming proportions.

Unless you are a wealthy man, therefore, silk linings are a thing to beware of, for they only add greatly to the cost of clothes without adding any great advantage.

WAR AND DRESS.

We are accustomed to look to the soldier for smartness in dress. The Army officer is almost invariably well-groomed in mufti as he is in uniform.

It is interesting, therefore, to note that a big war is almost invariably followed by a period of greater carelessness in dress. Later on there may come a reaction, but just at first anything approaching dandyism disappears.

It was the Crimean War that killed dandyism. Men who had devoted more time and thought to dress than was reasonable found themselves compelled to go for weeks without a change of clothing, to endure hardships which opened their eyes to realities of life and death.

When they returned—those of them who did return—things seemed to assume their proper proportion, and dress seemed no longer a thing almost to live for.

So with the South African War. It brought with it the mania for khaki, and all

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sorts of horrors in the way of red, white, and blue ties.

But it also taught us to think more of the man than of the clothes he wore, and the dandy had to take a back seat, for it was not the dandies who fought for their country in the Transvaal.

We do not wear frills or striking colours and patterns nowadays. Ease and simplicity are rather our ideals.

We have not time to be dandies in the old early Victorian sense. In these times everybody *does* something. If he is lucky enough not to have to earn his living, there is work in plenty to be done for love of it.

A NOVELTY IN CAPS.

The latest thing in men's headwear is a patent reversible cap which in fine weather is worn as an ordinary tweed cap of the fashionable shape, with a band and a full top.

In wet weather, however, by a little manipulation, it can be converted into a waterproof cap by pulling back the top and peak.

This form of cap will no doubt commend itself to the sportsman who wants to be independent of the weather, though it must, of course, involve a little extra weight.

EVENING-DRESS CHANGES.

The fashion in evening suits has changed considerably during the last year or so, and although the alterations are not so striking as to be obvious to the inexperienced eye, the man who studies fashion at all will have no difficulty in spotting whether a dress-suit is an up-to-date one or not.

The lapels, which are still, of course, silk faced, are rolled down as far as the waist, instead of being pressed flat, and from the bottom of the lapel the fronts of the coat are cut away in the same manner as the points of the waistcoat, instead of coming straight down as before.

The waist line is cut rather higher than formerly, which undoubtedly tends to improve the appearance of any man's figure.

The new dress-coat is often ornamented with three buttons on each side, after the fashion of a double-breasted coat, although, of course, these buttons are entirely for ornament, a dress-coat never being made to button.

Similar buttons also appear at the back of the cuffs.

The style of the waistcoat is not much altered from that which has been in vogue for three or four years, with four buttons placed close together and long cut-away points.

There is a tendency, however, towards the return to favour of the pointed waistcoat opening with rolled-back broad lapels.

The trousers remain much the same, and are fashionable either with or without braid down the seams.

IS SCENT EFFEMINATE?

I suppose the great majority of men would say "yes" without hesitation. But to my mind a great deal depends upon the scent and on the amount of it used.

The man who uses scent will, no doubt, be looked upon by some as a dandy, while other friends will pointedly remark that *they* prefer to wash. But I confess I do not see why he should not use it.

A dash of scent on the handkerchief is not only invigorating to the wearer, but quite inoffensive to those with whom he comes in contact.

Of course, a man is not likely to perfume his clothes with patchouli or other such essentially feminine scents, but old-fashioned scents like *Eau-de-Cologne*, jockey club, lavender and so on, are quite another matter, and I must confess to a great liking for the refreshing properties of the first-mentioned during the heat of summer.

REEFER SUITS.

With all due deference to the President of the Local Government Board and to some of his colleagues in Parliament, the reefer suit, with its double-breasted coat, is no longer as fashionable as it once was.

The single-breasted lounge suit, with its close-fitting waist and low-rolled lapels sets off a man's figure so much better that its greater popularity is not difficult to understand.

The reefer jacket is necessarily cut with very little waist and is essentially a plain and business-like sort of garment.

It cannot be said to suit the average man, but it does give the slim man the breadth or figure which he lacks, and, curiously enough, it often suits the big, broad man also.

A reefer-coat should always be worn buttoned up, for otherwise the sides stick out so far in front as to be ungainly, and the coat will not hang gracefully from the shoulders as a lounge coat will do when unbuttoned.

One of the advantages of the reefer is that it lends itself particularly to being worn in the summer without a waistcoat.

CHOOSING A BUTTONHOLE.

The home-grown buttonhole is just beginning to make its appearance in the streets and to enliven the sombre attire of the City man with a touch of colour.

But too often the buttonhole betrays the fact that its wearer has dashed into the garden just before starting for town, picked the first flower that came to hand and shoved it in his buttonhole.

He has forgotten altogether to consider the colour of the tie he was wearing. The result may by ill luck happen to be a most violent clash of colour, which perhaps the wearer would be the first to recognise, but of which he is blissfully unconscious.

Only this morning I made for myself a most effective little buttonhole of light purple polyanthus, and it was not till I had put it in my buttonhole that I remembered that I was wearing a tie of a colour which, to the best of my recollection, the man of whom I bought it called "Rose du Barri." Anyhow the result was most painful. The two colours were simply howling at one another.

It is worth while remembering, therefore, whenever you propose to wear a coloured buttonhole, to compare it in a mirror with the colour of your tie. The two need not necessarily match, but the colours must blend.

FLOWER-HOLDERS.

There are many flowers which make most effective buttonholes for about an hour, and then wither so that they have to be thrown away.

Pansies and similar flowers with fleshy stalks come in this category, but there is no reason why they should not be worn.

For a very few pence one can obtain a small glass tube which fits into the buttonhole and can be filled with water. This contains sufficient to keep any flower alive and fresh for a day.

But it is only a more or less sedate person who can wear such a flower-holder, for even if it is not filled to the brim, you do not have to bend very far forward to spill the contents.

The favourite buttonhole flower a little later in the season is the rose, and fortunately this will keep fresh for a considerable time without water.

But the stalk is always very brittle, except with climbing roses, and it is worth while taking the trouble to strengthen it with wire before pinning it in place.

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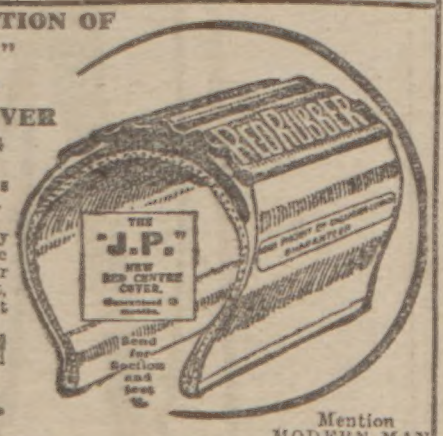

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

J. D. J. (South Shields).—Before setting up shop, especially as you propose to do so on borrowed money, you should get inside knowledge of the particular line, and when you finally purchase a business, do not accept without investigation the figures alleged by the person advertising it.

T. H. (Inverness).—As your horse appears to have got beyond your control, you had better hand him over to an experienced breaker for a fortnight. You bought him rather too young.

W. B. B. (Oregon, U.S.A.) informs us that he has given many copies of THE MODERN MAN to cowboys, and that they enjoy them thoroughly.

J. P. (Carmarthen).—It is always wise to make your purchases from a local nurseryman. As he depends on his regular customers, he is not likely to sell you plants that have not been thoroughly hardened off.

H. W. R. (Sherborne).—Any chemist will supply you with so-called invisible ink.

B. C. PEARCE, 50, Norcot Road, Brook Road, Stoke Newington, would be glad to hear from any reader who would join him for a week's cycling holiday.

C. H. (Birmingham).—We fully sympathise with your hobby of collecting as many "colours" as you are entitled to wear. A man may have the colours of his school, his club, his University, and his regiment, and give each of them a show occasionally.

"ANXIOUS" (London, E.C.) gives us his address but not his name, and he says that he has great difficulty in keeping a straight face when transacting business. For some unaccountable reason he cannot help smiling at the most serious moments, and he wants to know if we can assist him to restrain his laughter muscles. We should think from his inquiry that he is rather young. Before he goes very far in the world of business a good deal of that smile will come off, and he will be writing to us again asking us how to look cheerful.

A. H. F. (Raynes Park).—It is not so very difficult to leave off smoking, unless you are a very heavy smoker.

E. S. (Wolverhampton).—You appear to be suffering from an imaginary malady. Take up some form of recreation in which you can be genuinely interested, sleep with your bedroom windows open, knock off the liquor, and you'll soon be all right.

C. GARDNER, 15, Thane Villas, Holloway, N., wants to know whether there exists what he calls a "Harriers' Marathon Road Club." "There are," he says, "plenty of cross-country running clubs, but none who have a regular road jaunt of twenty or twenty-five miles for Saturday afternoons." We do not know of any club which goes in for spins of this length, but if there should be one in existence perhaps the secretary will communicate with our reader.

A. S. (Sheffield).—It is not advisable to pay a very high price for a bowler, as even the best of them get shabby very quickly. Better pay five or six shillings and get a new one every three months.

F. L. M. (London, W.).—We do not recollect the paragraphs which you mention.

J. K. (Liverpool).—As we have so often said, it is very difficult to make a living as an artist. Better drop the idea.

T. H. (Kennington), **W. T. B.** (Buxton), **J. A. B.** (Redruth), **T. S.** (Southsea), **H. M.** (Birmingham), **W. A.** (Bellshill), **F. J.** (Earley), **A. A.** (Wallasey), **E. W. H.** (Aberystwyth), **G. S.** (Heckmondwike), **J. N.** (Westcliff-on-Sea), **T. B. B.** (Solihull), **C. G.** (Liverpool), **A. C.** Edinburgh).—Our salaams.

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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Riding boots (jacks), with trees, perfect condition, size 8, leg 15in., calf 14½in., 25s.; approval.—Box 4558, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, solid leather suit case, 30in., must be good repair. Approval.—Box 4565, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's Norfolk suit, used, Scotch tweed, chest 35in., good condition. Cost £2; accept £1, or near offer.—Box 4566, "The Modern Man, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Readers will do well to refer to the N. T. & R. Co. advertisement. page 23.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Winchester repeating rifle, ·22, take-down, case, sling, cleaning accessories; equal new; 32s. 6d.—Box 4561, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Camping in Lakeland at the Derwent Holiday Camp, Keswick; a genuine offer of free holidays, the most generous and unique offer ever made to the holiday public.—Postcard to Wm. Pattie brings 1911 "Camp Review" (free).

Wanted, Hardy's dapping rod, 15ft. or 16ft., also reel, cheap.—Box 4567, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, vaulting horse and horizontal bar.—Box 4568, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, 9ft. bagatelle table, in good condition, slate bed. Price £4, or exchange for 26in. or 28in. cycle same value.—Box 4569, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, officer's camp furniture, in good condition.—Box 4570, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, cricket outfit entire, or any portion of same, for young men's club, must be cheap.—Full particulars to Box 4571, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, croquet set. Exchange two oil paint boxes.—Box 4572, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cabin cruiser, 23ft. by 6½ft., centre-board boat, sloop rigged, roller foresail, thoroughly overhauled and fitted out this season, all gear, for sleeping 4, fast and handy sea boat, in thoroughly sound condition, £30, or near offer. Lying Gravesend.—Box 4581, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Talmo racing skates, cost £1 April 20th, will sell for 10s., quite new.—Box 4582, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's Elswick Green cycle, free-wheel, Bowden brakes, oil-bath gear case, accessories, handsome machine, lately purchased, unsoiled, accept £4 10s.—Box 4573, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cycle, Chater-Lea, absolutely new, 3-speed, 26in. Kundtz wood wheels, clipper tyres, 22in. frame, disc adjusting hub and bracket, 2 Bowden brakes, upturned North Road handle bars, not ridden 50 miles, cost £9 10s., first offer over £4.—Box 4574, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Double 12 bore central breech-loading gun, engraved, excellent condition, Birmingham make, leather case, sacrifice £4 10s.—Box 4575, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Rifle, ·310, B.S.A., with aperture sights; new last June, and in perfect condition. What offers?—Box 4564, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, army bell tent, in perfect condition, cash; or exchange Prosser tennis racquet. Ensignette camera, fishing rods or tackle.—Box 4576, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, tennis posts with screw anchorage, corner pieces and tennis marker.—Box 4577, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Wanted, Wynne's exposure meter, also bag for ¼-plate camera, 8¼in. by 6in. by 5in.—Box 4583, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

No. 4 folding Carbine, ¼ plates or films, will exchange for gentleman's bicycle, 26in. or over.—Box 4584, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 19.

EDUCATIONAL.

For sale. Cassell's 100 Popular Pictures; complete; 25 parts; clean, new; cost 14s. 9d. What cash offers?—Box 4562, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London (Est. 1876).

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve lessons. Eighty words per minute in one month. Used by fastest Parliamentary reporters. Holds the World's Speed Championship. Send postcard to-day for interesting illustrated handbook.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

GARDENING.

Wanted, garden hose, 40ft., with rose and spray complete.—State lowest to Box 4585, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, immediately, condition as new, 12in. or 14in. mowing machine.—Box 4586, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

The Moustache Grower. Pendun's Moustache Pomade forces a magnificent Moustache in a remarkably short time on the most boyish face. A 6d. tin will be sent by return in plain wrapper (postage 1d. extra). Send 7d. to A. Pendun (Dept. D), 597, Holloway Road, London, N.

Make your own medicines and save 90 per cent. For 1s. 6d. I will send recipe of all patent medicines, including Beecham's, Tatcho, Owbridge's, Phosferine, &c.—Box 4563, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Corns cured in one night, no cutting, kernel removed painlessly, cost trifling; formula sent for P.O., 1s.—Box 4559, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Kidney Troubles, the disease of the age. "Nubacol" a certain cure. Post free, 1s. 1½d.—Dixon, Pharmacist, Elland.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL &c.

£500 Provident Association certificate, three years paid up (£37 2s. 6d.); advance in 14 months; what offers?—Box 4557, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, sole rights good selling line for mail order business, or patent rights bought right out.—Box 4158, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Military hair brushes, handsome pair; complete in box; 1s. 6d., post free. Triple hollow-ground razor, 1s. 4d., post free.—Travis and Co., 44, Elgin Street, Hanley, Staffs.

Combination tie-pin and stud, single stone brilliant, claw set; 1s., post free.—Travis and Co., 44, Elgin Street, Hanley, Staffs.

Linen marking outfit—name stamp, ink (no heating required), pad, and brush, sent complete in box for 1s. 6d. post free.—Robertson, 93, Westwood Road, Coventry.

£7 7s. Ajax body belt, four cells, without disc covers; bargain; 14s., with accessories.—Box 4560, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

No more round shoulders; wear Prof. Robertson's braces for chest expansion, post free 1s. 6d.—Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 8d.—Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, safe, good one, cheap for cash; state inside size and particulars; no dealers.—Box 4887, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Astrology reveals planet's influence on courtship, marriage, business speculation, &c. Send birth date and 1s. order for test horoscope. Two years guide added.—Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Philog, Cardiff.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.

Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.

Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Powerful £12 12s. double-draw Binoculars, 12 lens magnification power, by Lumiere; most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore, quick focus, brilliant field of view, great penetration power; English leather case; week's free trial; great sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

19S. 6D.—Gent's £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty; also, gent.'s solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

GRAND NEW COMPETITION.

£100 IN CASH PRIZES.

IN WHICH YOUNG, MIDDLE AGED, AND OLD HAVE EQUAL CHANCE.

A pair of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells to be sent

FOR FREE TRIAL

and carriage paid at once to every reader of THE MODERN MAN who desires to enter this simple competition.

The Sandow Grip Dumb-Bells, which will be sent immediately to every reader who applies, may be used freely for seven days, and there is no obligation at all to purchase, nor is there any charge whatever.

THIS AMAZING OFFER

gives every one of the readers of THE MODERN MAN the opportunity to prove for themselves, without a penny of cost, how delightful and valuable this great new Competition for £100 in cash prizes really is. At the same time, every reader of THE MODERN MAN will learn entirely at our expense how easy it is by the means of this wonderful scientific invention of Mr. Eugene Sandow, the greatest health explorer in the world, to secure perfect health and prevent such ailments as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaints, Insomnia, &c., and also improve his or her physique; to increase the strength of any or all the limbs and organs of the body; to render the carriage graceful and distinguished and acquire that appearance and bearing which commands success in society, in business—in fact, in all the affairs of life.

Any reader can enter; the conditions are such that every boy, youth, young man, middle-aged man or woman, and even old men and women have equal chance of winning.

It is the natural desire of every intelligent boy, youth, young man, and young woman, to improve the physique and enhance their appearance, health, and general well-being. This amazing offer of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells and Generous Prize Competition provides a wonderful opportunity and inducement to do all these things.

The middle-aged man and woman must keep healthy, strong, and vigorous, and must prevent the encroachment of the hundred and one ailments of middle life. This offer and Competition will introduce to them the most perfect form of health exercise with monetary reward thrown in. The elderly must set back the clock if they are to enjoy the evening of life. Elderly readers may not only do this by a few minutes a day with Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells, but may also secure the £100 in cash, which would come in so useful.

With every pair will be sent a Booklet of Exercises, showing you in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

The chart contains one month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-Bells.

To secure the Dumb-Bells on absolutely free trial and full details of the

£100 IN CASH PRIZES

simply send in the Form below. Send no money. Only this form.

FREE TRIAL AND £100 PRIZE COMPETITION FOR READERS.

To Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date 1911.

Gentlemen,—Please send by return for free trial one pair* of your Spring Grip Dumb-Bells (and particulars of the £100 free Competition) at

.. ..	12s. 6d.	Suitable for age. 18 and up.
Youths'	10s. 6d.	14 to 18.
Ladies'	10s. 6d.	16 and up.

It is understood that I may either return the Dumb-Bells at the end of seven days without any obligation, or if I decide upon keeping same I will forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as the first payment, and the balance in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. until payment is completed.

Signed.....

Address.....

*** Please cross out sizes not required.**